

# THE ROUND TABLE.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

## UNDER THE SEA—JULY 28, 1866.

Lo! a sudden message flashes 'neath the billow's foamy crest,  
From the flowery meads of England to the empire of the West.  
Doth it bring a record gory of the battle's dire increase?  
Nay, it tells no tale of slaughter, but a whisper soft of peace.  
Lo! the blessed Christ hath spoken. As he saith, so let it be;  
We accept the happy omen as it flashes through the sea.  
Flaunt the flags upon the steeples! let the bells' loud voice go forth  
In a peal of deep-toned triumph to the East, West, South, and North!  
For the greatness and the glory of our triumph grandly won,  
Where the mighty waves Atlantic flash and sparkle in the sun.  
Shall we grovel in our baseness, like the vile worm in the sod,  
With the mighty truths of science stretching out their hands to God?  
No! the light upon our foreheads grows and brightens to a star,  
With a broad and regal glory through the future flashing far!  
Till the fields no more shall groan beneath red harvests of the slain,  
And the mighty mark of progress shall efface the brand of Cain.  
Hence shall rise the suns which ripen; hence shall spring the lights which roll  
All the weary mists of error from the soaring human soul.  
As a pledge of truth and wisdom to a broader bound increased  
Comes this mighty day-star flashing from the confines of the East.  
Yea, we hold it as a foretaste of the glory yet to be  
When the growing strength of knowledge shall have set the nations free;  
And the soaring flight of freedom shall have found a broader wing,  
Nevermore to droop and falter at the mandate of a king.  
O my brothers!—speed the knowledge till it spread from shore to shore,  
Till earth's mighty mystic forces feed no more the cannon's roar;  
Till the years be crowned with plenty, till the corn and wine increase,  
And the wings of Time sweep grandly to an age of perfect peace.  
In the misty unknown future, in the swiftly coming years,  
Where our toilsome slow fruition all the glowing landscape cheers,  
Loud methinks I hear them shouting in a newer, riper age,  
When the mighty march of progress shall have reaped its heritage:  
"Glory to the great dead workers! In the van they fighting fell;  
Gallant pioneers of progress, oh, they waged the battle well!  
Take new heart, O weary toilers! from these records of the past;  
For our present age is mellow with the fruitage of the last!"  
Thus your triumphs, mighty thinkers, in the future shall be sung,  
Echoed in the newer language of a universal tongue;  
When no monarch's throne is guarded by the bay-net's steely ring,  
But the hearts of grateful people shall protect the crowned king;  
When a universal wisdom like a mighty ocean rolls,  
From the heats of the equator to the confines of the poles.  
O Columbia! O mine England! Anglo-Saxon, Fatherland!  
Lo! the daughter to the mother stretches forth her jeweled hand.  
Henceforth be our feuds and factions buried in a common grave;  
Be our only feud to conquer newer triumphs from the wave—

And to conquer newer glories, for a race supremely blest,  
Till a reign of peace and plenty crown the East and crown the West;  
Sweeping onward from the rising to the setting of the sun,  
Till we clench a mighty Union of our peoples, two in one.  
To thy white cliffs, happy England, rolls the greeting of the free,  
As the fire electric flashes through the deeps from sea to sea!

## THE NOSE AS A CHANNEL FOR SPEECH.

NASAL intonation has long been looked upon as a national peculiarity of Americans, or, more strictly speaking, of that section of the American people generally known as Yankees, and belonging, by right of birth, or of descent, to the New England states. The Yankees, so called, are supposed to have inherited this peculiarity from their Puritan forefathers—the nose having been for ages the organ through which the righteous overmuch were accustomed to inculcate their teachings. The habit is of old date certainly, and seems to have been chiefly attributed to reformers. We remember an old wood-cut, said to be a caricature of Luther, in which that lusty expounder's nose is elongated and expanded into the semblance of a clarion, the finger holes of which he is manipulating with practiced touch. Allusions to the nasal twang adopted by preachers are frequent among old as well as modern writers, and this would seem to give color to the supposition that the Puritans are to be held accountable for the transmission of the unpleasant oddity. The solution is not altogether a satisfactory one, however. Southern people, and those even of the *crème de la crème*, are very commonly addicted to speaking through the nose, and we will further say that, in all our experience of people representing the several states of the wide West, we have found the same peculiarity existing among them to a greater or less extent, while it attains its acme in northern and western New York. A traveler in Australia—Dr. Shaw, if we remember rightly—states that he has observed the nasal intonation among all descendants of English-speaking colonists, and that, as a general rule, it is quite as perceptible among the white people of Australian birth as among the natives of the United States. In Canada, as we can aver, the peculiarity is nearly as common as it is here, though we do not think it is so very noticeable among people of culture there as it is in this country.

There seems to be a glimmering suspicion among Americans that the habit in question is a vulgar one as well as a disagreeable, and a tendency has arisen with the present generation to lay aside the nose as an organ of speech. As yet the effort to do this has not been marked with any great success. It is very common among foreigners, when speaking of some American belle, to say how lovely she is, how charming—"until she speaks." Then the illusion vanishes—for the loveliness of woman, equally with the lustrous plumage of the bird, is but half compensation for harshness of voice. As with all bad habits, it is far easier to adopt the one in question than to get rid of it, and hence it is that so many English-speaking foreigners, after a few years' residence here, tune the nasal clarion almost to the high native pitch. During the late Fenian excitement in Ireland, it was frequently remarked of suspected persons that they were supposed, from their nasal accent, to have seen service of some kind in the United States. Any kind of marked accent, or brogue, has a flavor of vulgarity about it, but we must candidly confess that the mellifluous whine of Bridget from Cork has far more of music in it than the snuffling twang of Abigail from Connecticut. The Lowland Scotch accent is, perhaps, the only one that can compare for harshness with the American drawl, but it is rarely to be heard nowadays among Scotchmen of culture and good social position.

Assimilation with regard to accent seems to be a very desirable thing, and it is high time that instructors should take the best standard for intonation of voice, and make it an essential in the education of their pupils. To a limited extent the stage might be looked to as a model for cadence and tone of voice. The best educated actors and actresses are usually authorities in this respect, but they, unfortunately, are

too few in number to constitute the stage a school for vocal training. Among our native actresses, especially, the grating nose clarion yet measures forth nightly its harsh notes; and we know of more than one promising young *tragédienne* to whom the defect has proved a bar to anything like absolute success in her profession. To the pulpit we cannot hopefully look for a reform in the national modulation of voice. Nine out of every ten preachers throughout the length and breadth of the country, we are safe in saying, have the nasal twang to a very marked extent, and we have good reason for supposing that many of them look upon the thing as a proper and necessary constituent of pulpit oratory. But there seems to be an awakening, as we have already remarked, on the subject, and it is to be hoped that education will gradually relieve the American people from a disagreeable habit, and one that is as unnecessary as disagreeable.

## THE SIMPLICITY OF GREATNESS.

VERY few, even of those who have some knowledge of books, have any personal acquaintance with men of genius; but everybody sees frequently those who wish to be thought great, and who take extraordinary pains to seem so. There is hardly a community in the land that is not adorned with such characters—persons who have figured at fairs, conventions, and watering-places—who hold some political or ecclesiastical office—who have more money than their neighbors—who have traveled and had a glimpse of a live emperor, perhaps, or the Pyramids. Many of these individuals may be worthy, useful, and respectable citizens, who fill creditably their narrow sphere, but who have no claim whatever to distinction on account of intellectual superiority. And yet what extraordinary airs they assume, what ludicrous egotism they illustrate, in their attempt to counterfeit greatness. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not stigmatize mediocrity, nor undervalue it in the least. It is some of its absurd and unnatural manifestations that we would criticise and rebuke. All observers of men know that there are people about them who are always striving for effect, always painfully conscious of their personal importance, which nobody recognizes but themselves, and whose supreme aim in life seems to be to be accepted for a great deal more than they are worth. What a profoundly sagacious expression, what professional grandeur, that superficial physician wears at the consultation in the sick-room. With what serene and lofty dignity does that low-browed and pig-eyed superintendent receive the trembling, friendless beneficiary at the poor-house. Can there be a more holy pomposity, a more saintly majesty, than that which clothes this oily and rotund divine as he moves among his humble flock, and rises in the pulpit to break the bread of life? With what exaggerated politeness and distressing affectation of elegance does Mrs. Shoddy entertain you after a winter in New York and a summer at Newport! What grimaces for affability, what reticence for wisdom, what ostentation for effect, what arrogance for authority, what bravado for courage, what inflated self-consciousness for dignity, offend us almost every time we go outdoors! All this may be well enough to give variety to phases of life that else might be monotonous, and afford sensible people something to laugh at; but otherwise it has no earthly or heavenly use.

The fact is, the conception of greatness of character which is held by many who make themselves uncomfortable by their affectations and ridiculous by their conceit, is mistaken and puerile. They seem to think, for instance, that the statesman must always be intensely stately and the theologian as grave as the grave itself; that the man of science must go absorbed in the solution of some tremendous problem; that the poet must keep his eyes in a "fine phrensy" rolling, and that the great captain must look desperately, with clenched teeth and knitted brow, at some imaginary enemy in the front. Such nonsense is not serious enough for refutation, and yet out of such false notions how ludicrous some people contrive to make themselves! If any one thing above another distinguishes the truly great man it is his *naturalness*. What God made him, that he lives out. There is no clap-trap about him. He is emphatically himself. He does not trouble himself to think how he appears to ob-



servers; he has his work to do, that is of chief importance to him. He may have his eccentricities or idiosyncrasies. This is merely the form in which his personality presents itself. From disguises and shams he is free. He follows his own bent. He lives his own life instead of simulating what he is not. You may not always like his directness and freedom; if you are sincere, however, you will feel that he wins you and does not repel. You get strangely near to him, perhaps, when you did not expect it. At all events, he does not make you uncomfortable by a false politeness or a cold disdain. He does not force on you a painful sense of your inferiority. In what he has to say he goes to the point. He deals with you frankly, and appreciates all the man that there is in you. You feel that you are understood—no interpreter is needed for that vision that scans the heart of things. So you get strength and refreshment in contact with such hearty reality, such genuine truthfulness that, like a subtle atmosphere, seems to radiate from the soul. We need not go beyond our own age for illustrations of this admirable simplicity of character. Whoever has spent an hour with Agassiz has been charmed with his genial *bonhomie*, his artless candor, and his unrestrained flow of generous sympathies. Bryant's manner has the unaffected repose of perfect cultivation, with the freshness and grace of a child. In familiar conversation Emerson makes you forget the austere philosopher in the weird cadences of his fascinating speech and his cordial interest in everything that is interesting to man. We have seen the venerable Dr. Nott, in his seventy-eighth year, slap his thigh in the ecstasy of his merriment with the hilarious glee of a boy of ten. It is so the world over with genius. There is no greater humbug than for people without brains to affect a superiority by an artificial manner, be it ever so *distingué*. There is something about genius that is inimitable. The fire of the eye, the radiance of the lips and brow, the spontaneity of soul modulating the tone and imparting an indescribable quality to manner, cannot be caught by an ordinary person any more than the flavor of the pineapple can be caught by the pumpkin or the breath of roses be inhaled from the dandelion. Deluded copyists of greatness! unhappy victims of a hallucination that makes even your flowers fetters and your freedom folly, accept a word of kindly admonition. In morals be virtuous, whether it go with the grain or not; but in manner be simple and natural. If it be your nature to lisp with a languid *nonchalance*—to maintain, on all occasions, the stiffness of a crowbar and the frown of a sphinx—to gaze intently on vacancy when you know the crowd is observing you—to use very sonorous and significant *ahems* whenever you deliver your opinions—to suppress all signs of emotion at the sight of pathetic sorrows and sublime endeavor—to sneer at what is truest and loveliest in the character and work of man—to be grandly oracular or mildly simpering, or ridiculous generally—why, do these things; but, remember, they are no credit to you. But the simple fact is they are *not* natural, and you know it. Be natural, we say. We don't want living caricatures in our parlors, nor breathing statues of our ancestors in the nursery, nor silk and broadcloth stuck up before us for virtue. We don't want theological effigies in the pulpit, nor pious whines or watery eyes to illustrate the triumphs of grace. It is vain for the contracted brow and disdainful lip to convince us of brilliancy or courage. Let the lion shake his mane and the eagle spread his wings, but it is folly for the calf to put on the hide of the monarch of the forest, or the dunghill cock to try to soar to the sun. We like the sparrows and cricket and katydids in their place; let them sing on, but they need not attempt the soulful melodies of the skylark. Be natural, we say. If you are a dunce, don't make it worse by trying to act the sage. If you are comfortable with your nice property, your servants, and horses and friends, don't make yourself wretched by affecting what you imagine to be ducal grandeur. If you are blessed with good looks and a kind heart, don't freeze everybody about you because some distinguished character was reserved, nor disgust them because some lovely creature was so very polite. Simplicity, artlessness, truth of life, is what we want. Without this there is no real nobleness, no genuine

excellence that will not be blown away like small dust in the wind of God.

#### THE EARLY ENGLISH ROMANCE.

As early as the ninth century there was a language common in France, called "The Romance." Carried thence to England by the Norman invaders, it ceased to be a colloquial language and was used in tales of chivalry and adventure, of which the Norman mind was fond. Hence it is that the word *Romance*, so linked in our mind with knightly deeds and fairy scenes, carries us back to the goodly usage of those olden times when men tried their valor in the lists and the sword was king.

Though these early English romances or legends form so little of the reading of the present day, they are yet of great value to the modern scholar. They are all we possess of a people whose origin and existence are enveloped in a mist which the eye of authentic history cannot pierce. Meager and falsified though they are, they may yet cast a dim light upon the history of our early ancestors, while they afford us specimens of that literature which so many English writers have attempted to imitate and preserve. The tales are written in a style simple and pleasing, while the deeds they recount astonish the reader and betray their fictitious origin. All have some favorite hero, and it is their object to extol him above all others and prove that he was a knight "ryght prudent, puyssaunt, and hardy, vertuous and well proved, and so goodly yt in all the world there was none seen like him, neither so fayre, so gracyous, ne so courtesye." The hero of the tale, followed by a few chosen knights, goes forth into foreign lands in quest of adventures, and "to set those in bondage free from their hard tasks and marks of slavery."

He makes the tyrant flee, and replaces justice on the throne. He walks where man has never walked before, and overcomes the enchantment of the place. Rivers whose offensive waters spread pestilence and disease through the land, are made by him to flow pure again. Through darkness and myriads of swarming insects he fights his way, to quench the fire whose smoke shuts out the light of the sun and drives the people from the land. He meets the mighty giant in the field and kills him in fair fight. Though his path is obstructed by a foul dragon, from whose nostrils issues consuming fire, and whose braying is like that of a fiend of hell, he is yet undaunted, but committing himself to the Blessed Virgin, he draws his good sword and rolls the monster's head upon the ground. Thus he goes about relieving the oppressed—freeing countries of their plagues—showing mercy to the poor, and at length, with a thousand blessings invoked upon him, he returns to his native land to receive the honors of a true and valiant knight. A review of the early English romance would be incomplete without an allusion to

"That just and perfect man  
Who obey'd with cheerful zeal and pleasure God's command,  
And ruled with equal laws the British land"—

that Arthur who

"Was appointed tyrants to destroy,  
And proud oppressors who the world annoy,  
To ease the afflicted and release the poor,  
And banished peace and justice to restore."

That there was in the fourth or fifth century a youth named *Arthur*, son of Uther Pendragon, king of Britain, all historians agree. Nor do any fail to represent him as embracing all that is pure and lovely in character, or that is manly and courageous in knighthood. Just at what time he lived and reigned we cannot tell; but that he did live, and was, too, no ordinary but a great and good king, there seems no doubt. Of him the poet speaks when he sings how

"The Lord in compassion to Britannia's fate  
The mighty *Arthur* raised to save her state."

As in the forest some one giant tree towers above its fellows and is the noblest of its race, so *Arthur* stood far above all others of his time—the ideal of the age of chivalry.

Generous, noble, and so pure in mind that he could not even suspect his guilty queen, he possessed a mighty arm, and devoted it to his country and his God. To him the oppressed of all nations came and

sought protection—he was the ambassador's friend, the tyrant's fear. It would take too long to name the countries where his Christian banner waved; how

"His troops he did embark for the Neustrian shore,  
Their rights and freedom to restore,  
And did meet with heaven's propitious aid  
The haughty Frank invade;"

and how

"His pious arms did ease Lutetia's pains,  
Release her sons, and break their ponderous chains."

The name of *Arthur* is inseparable from that corps of knights known as "The Knights of the Round Table," whose delight it was to talk of knightly deeds walking about the gardens and the halls of Camelot.

They were a band of the goodliest knights of the kingdom, serving sometimes under their lord and king, *Arthur*, and sometimes performing by themselves wondrous deeds of arms. We can do no more than mention the crafty *Gawain* and *Sir Galahad*, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure, and who occupied the seat perilous at the Round Table, and the brave *Bors* and *Perceval*, friends and companions in the field. Such are the rich treasures open to the readers of the early English romance.

A few authors of the present day, especially the poets, have found in it the material for many of their writings. Shakespeare wandered in these untrodden paths of fable and fiction, and found here the subjects of many of his dramatic plays. Milton contemplated for years the writing of a great epic poem, of which *Arthur* was to have been the hero, but was called from this work to sing of a nobler theme.

Tennyson, too, knew the value of these ancient legends to the poet, and from them drew some of the choicest poetical gems that have ever been offered to the world. Here he found his *Merlin*, that wizard and prince of all magicians; the brave *Launcelot* and the beautiful but faithless *Guinevere*; and

"Elaine, the fair, the lovable, the lily maid of Astolat."

The early English romance, though perhaps faulty in some respects, is not without its merits, and there is a secret pleasure in reading of the time when

"O'er the lone yet ever-haunted ways  
Went frank-eyed knighthood with the lifted lance,  
And life with wonder charmed the adventurous days."

#### REVIEWS.

##### AUBREY DE VERE.\*

WE gladly welcome all genuine poetry. There is none too much of it, and it is easy to detect it from the tinsel embroidery of rhyme. To *De Vere* we give the hand of hearty welcome in the first volume from his pen which has been re-issued by an American publisher, because we have abundant reason to believe that he is a true poet, if not a great one. He certainly excels in a difficult and peculiar vein, and he is original in the sense that, though similar to others, he always writes in his own way. His "*May Carols*" we shall take up at this time, hoping that the publisher who has ventured this volume will give us the rest in due season. For though *De Vere* sings his faith at times with sincerest devotion to forms of belief which are repugnant to Protestants, he does write true poetry; and if the reader knows anything, he can separate the Romanism from the poetry, and enjoy the full beauty which glows along his lines.

In the present volume he appears as a religious poet hymning the praises and worship of the Virgin *Mary*, to whom the Roman Church has dedicated the month of *May*; and hence the name "*May Carols*." In the preface *De Vere* candidly confesses that the poems are written in the Virgin's honor; and if they were only those fervid rhapsodies of *Mariolatry* in which some Romanists indulge, they would contain little poetry and less truth. The Roman Church moves, though she confesses it not. She moves in the line of rationalism and development, and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is the ripe product of that progressive movement which has profoundly agitated every thinking mind. She differs from Protestants in this: They take away from the

\* "*May Carols, and Hymns and Poems*," By *Aubrey De Vere*. New York: Lawrence Kehoe. 18mo. Pp. 329.



eternal verities, because some things of profoundest import are not clear to man's reason; she adds to them the accumulated expression and feeling of the age, and then makes the whole binding *de fide*—the line of progressive thought which carried Dr. Newman to the Church of Rome, and the only method in which that great rationalist could justify the embossing of God's word with the devout traditions and feelings of men.

De Vere's volume is founded upon the full Roman teaching in regard to Mary; but he says things mildly, and in most of his "Carols" the religious reader will follow him gladly. If we may prophesy, the Christian world in years to come will give more attention and devout feelings to the position of the Virgin, but without exalting her to be the co-equal of her son. Outside the Roman and Greek churches, the tone of devotion to her, as one who stood in the closest and most peculiar relation to Jesus, has been and is now terribly meager and deficient. To a Protestant, she is less than the least of saints; she is neglected and forgotten. To this we have been driven by a reaction from Mariolatry; but the tone of all Protestant communions in this devotion is far below that of the church fathers before Romanism, as distinguished from a branch of the Catholic Church established at Rome, was ever heard of. The reading of "May Carols," in which sober English good sense calms down the passionate fervor of Italian devotion, may do many a one good in suggesting to him how much he has cut away from a legitimate and true worship, and in restoring the Virgin to due honor even in Protestant hearts.

The form of this work is peculiar. It is a succession of short poems, in the order and style of "In Memoriam." The author dwells at times upon the relations of the Virgin to the Son, and then upon the harmony and beauty of the outer world. He has all the keen sensibility of Wordsworth with nature; and he remarks concerning these descriptive pieces, which are the best parts of his work, that "they are an attempt toward a Christian rendering of external nature." But he has nothing of the vague pantheism of Tennyson or of Wordsworth. He says aptly,

"For what is nature at the best?  
An arch suspended in its spring;  
An altar-step without a priest;  
A throne whereon there sits no king."

He describes a landscape without the interpenetrating gloominess of feeling which belongs to much modern poetry. He gives simple, healthful pictures; and he blends with them the same religious feeling which is so delightful a feature in "The Christian Year" of the lamented Keble, and which also marks the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. The temper of his appreciation of nature is seen in the following stanza:

"And yet, through nature's symbols dim,  
There are with keener sight that pierce  
The outward husk, and reach to him  
Whose garment is the universe."

It is calm, clear, simple, happy. He writes like a man who has no doubts. This is the true spirit in which to enjoy nature. It is far higher than that nihilism of self which belongs to Thoreau, or the pagan deification of Emerson. De Vere introduces these calm quiet landscapes and slight tributes to nature as the interludes of his religious themes. He thus relieves the reader, and, as it were, blends nature with religion in the touches of his poetical genius. This has most agreeably surprised us. We had known him as a poet of most delicate feeling; but this strong, hearty, healthy appreciation of nature carries us back to Habington and Herrick and even Chaucer. This stanza is most happy to illustrate our meaning:

"A lily with its isles of buds  
Asleep on some unmeasured sea;  
O God, the starry multitudes,  
What are they more than this to thee?"

Here the lily below and the stars above become the symbols of infinity; and simply outward nature is connected with the unmeasurable greatness of the Infinite; and yet the stanza is a model of clear and harmonious verse. As a brief landscape painting this is perfect:

"Panting, but pleased, the cattle stand  
Knee-deep in water-weed and sedge,  
And scarcely crop the greener band  
Of osiers round the river's edge."

And this:

"While all the breathless woods aloof  
Lie hush'd in noontide's deep repose,  
That dove, sun-warmed on yonder roof,  
With what a grave content she coos!"

But the chief bearing of these poems is religious. They show the work and offices of Mary; they are deeply tinged with the peculiar *cultus* of the Roman Church; indeed, they bear the same relation to that communion that Keble's verse does to the Anglican Church, or the "Pilgrim's Progress" does to the Puritan body. They give expression to the devout and tender feelings of a Christian educated under Roman teachings. It may be well to show how the poetry reflects this, and here is a specimen:

"No pang of his her bosom spared;  
She felt in him its several power,  
But she in heart his priesthood shared:  
She offered sacrifice that hour."

This is from a carol showing the sorrow of Mary at the cross. And here is another:

"From him the grace: through her it stands  
Adjusted, meted, and applied;  
And ever passing through her hands,  
Enriched it seems, and beautified."

This stanza has a very plain theological bearing:

"Mary, long ages ere thy birth  
Resplendent with salvation's sign,  
In thee a stainless hand the earth  
Put forth, to meet the hand divine."

The following is a sample how deftly and even happily the poet blends Roman teaching with nature. He is writing of the warming, vivifying influence of spring:

"The stony ash itself relents,  
Into the blue embrace of May,  
Sinking, like old impenitents  
Heart-touched at last; and, far away,

"The long wave yearns along the coast  
With sob suppressed, like that which thrills  
(While o'er the altar mounts the Host)  
Some chapel on the Irish hills."

These are specimens of the way in which the Roman *cultus* of the Virgin is blended with outward nature and with religious truth. They make the volume unique in literature. But the poet is so skillful that his poetry is also unique. It is not sublime, or grand, or emotional. It is, however, apt and suited to its purpose, and at times it has somewhat of all these elements; but there is specially seen a certain blending of outward fact, whether derived from nature, theology, or the church, with the yearnings of the heart, which grows upon you and suggests a hidden meaning. His teaching of Christ's work and mission is often most touching and pathetic; and he connects Mary's life with that of Jesus in the natural and simple ways which some have overlooked. Many parts are in the spirit of this line,

"Who loveth thee most love thy Son;"

and yet the plain bearing and purport of the book, which every reader needs to know, is to celebrate and honor the worship of the Virgin.

Most of the poems relating to the childhood of our Saviour are very beautiful; but the following stanza is an instance of what is in decidedly bad taste, though the last two lines are good. We refer not to the poetry but to the sentiment:

"Beside his little cross he knelt:  
With human-heavenly lips he prayed:  
His will within her will she felt;  
And yet his will her will obeyed."

It is better not to fill up with fact the period which Scripture has left silent; and this tendency to improve the faith once delivered to the saints, even in such minor details as this, we have no sympathy with. This spirit is also observable in the "Hymns and Poems," which, with the exception of the hymn "Maunday Thursday," are hardly equal to the "Carols." The carol, "Three Worlds there are," the one beginning,

"Alas! not only loveliest eyes,"

and the epilogue, which contains a touching tribute to the brother of the Bishop of Oxford, who deserted to Rome, are specimens of De Vere's best efforts. He is exceedingly happy in the interpretation of nature, and for this all readers will seek his poetry; and he is hardly less so in the poetical rendering of divine truth. There are many stanzas which are unforgettable simply because they so happily embody a truth or fact in religion—and such a poet we like; for,

after all, it is not Milton or Shakespeare that most of us make a practical use of: they are stars, and dwell apart from mortals; but it is such poets as De Vere, Keble, Watts, and Cowper, who breathe sweetly in their verse the daily sorrows and trials and thoughts of weak and sinning men—it is these writers who make the strongest impression upon our hearts.

The great excellence which we should single out in De Vere is this tender, delicate, reverent, religious use of nature, in which there is nothing sensuous, nothing weak, nothing fantastical, and in which we are constantly led through "nature up to nature's God." His poetry has much of the soberness of Henry Taylor's verse, its sweet, contemplative spirit; but he is far more easy, if less weighty in deep sentiments, than the author of "Philip van Artevelde," and when he turns to his favorite themes, and pours out the fullness of his mind in chastened and subdued lines, he gains a very high success. If his volume should have only the influence of an example, it would be enough. For our younger poets need to learn that the sentimental pantheism and vague skepticism such as we see in the poetry of the late Arthur Hugh Clough, who had in him the making of a great poet, are not the elements which give solid strength to poetical genius. They only make weak, sick, nerveless bosh. We do not sympathize with Romanism, even when made attractive by so true a poet as Aubrey De Vere, but we point to him as a living example of one who has taught his generation the truth which underlies all the best poetry of our older English literature—that outward nature is beautiful only as it is connected with the intuition of God in the human soul.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

"The Harmonies of Nature; or, the Unity of Creation." By Dr. G. Hartwig, author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders," and the "Tropical World," with numerous wood-cuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. Pp. 406.

AN English critic in reviewing this work indulges in a characteristic sneer at the tendency exhibited by Dr. Hartwig to "sing psalms." Certainly it cannot be charged upon him that he gets any readers under false pretences, for in a brief prefatory note he declares it to be his purpose to show that "harmony is the universal law of nature;" that of all the numberless forms of animals and plants that deck the surface of the globe, there is not one that is not perfectly fitted for its peculiar sphere; that the configuration of our earth, and the physical laws that govern the waters and the atmosphere, are in complete union with the wants of organic life; and that suns and planets wander harmoniously through illimitable space. The annals of the globe, he says, further bear witness, throughout all the changes of the primeval world, to the concord which has constantly reigned between the physical condition of the earth and its inhabitants at each successive epoch, and he explicitly says that he has endeavored in this work to point out some of the most striking examples of this fundamental truth, which so forcibly proclaims the unity of creation. Assuredly, after thus plainly defining the object which he had in view, no fair-minded critic could censure the doctor for "singing psalms." On the contrary, every true and sincere lover of nature will warmly welcome this volume as a most acceptable addition to the popular scientific literature of the day. Coming from the source whence it does, and filled as it is with facts, every one of which testifies to the existence of a mind omniscient in discerning the needs of all created beings, and a hand omnipotent in supplying these wants, this book must do much to counteract that deplorable tendency which has of late been extending to erect nature itself into a god. That there should be much that is commonplace in the volume is inevitable, for Dr. Hartwig does not lay any claim to credit for original investigation. He has studied closely and attentively the observations made by others, and with facts very many of which are familiar to all, he groups together enough, and more than enough, which are not so generally known, to enlist the attention of every reader.

The first three chapters of the book are devoted to the surroundings of the globe on which we live—if



indeed that egotism is allowable which can speak of the sun and the planets as being attendants upon the earth, since it was long since demonstrated that the entire system, of which this world is but an insignificant part, is revolving around a center, the precise location of which science has yet to determine; and Dr. Hartwig reminds us that there are proofs which demonstrate beyond a doubt that the substances of which the earth is composed exist beyond its limits, for not only are the meteoric stones composed only of those elements alone which are known to exist on the earth, such as nickel, iron, cobalt, aluminum, etc.; but the researches of Bunsen and Kirchhoff have demonstrated that sodium, calcium, magnesium, chromium, iron, and other metals are constituents of the solar atmosphere and of the sun's central orb. In this very first chapter we have an illustration of the familiar, if not very original, style in which Dr. Hartwig makes plain to the comprehension of all the great truths which it is his purpose to expound: "Supposing the sun," he says, "to be the size of an orange, and placing it in the center of the dome of St. Paul's, our pea-sized earth will then be performing its orbit within the circumference of the dome, while Neptune will be moving in the vicinity of the Bank of England, and many of the comets extending their vagrant excursions as far as Charing Cross." "According to these proportions," he adds, "the nearest fixed star would be sending the citizens of London its light from the vast distance of St. Petersburg. Keeping these comparative distances in mind, we cannot resist astonishment at the perfection of the instruments which, from so narrow a base, have been able to measure the all-but-imperceptible inclinations of the angles verging towards that distant world." The swiftness of motion of the fixed stars also affords Dr. Hartwig a theme upon which he dilates enthusiastically. "Heat and Light" and the "Atmospheric Ocean" are discussed in separate chapters, before the doctor comes down to the earth itself, and then, very naturally, the ocean is first considered. He exclaims:

"Sublime in space, the sea is no less sublime in time. The present dry land bears everywhere the traces that it once rested in the bosom of the waters, and how many continents and islands may they not have swallowed in the course of unnumbered centuries—how often may they not have changed their seat and displaced their boundaries? Countless forms of animal life have one after the other appeared and perished beneath them; they have successively witnessed the birth and the death of the trilobites, of the ammonites, of the encrinurites, and of the giant saurians. And how long may not the desert ocean have rolled its waves before organic life first dawned upon it, before the first alga spread its fronds along the shore, or the first mollusk opened its valves to the tide?"

The connection between the phenomena of the seas and distant celestial bodies, and the influence of the tides upon marine plants and animals, many of which could not live if the continual oscillations of the tides did not saturate the coast waters with the oxygen necessary for their existence, furnish a proof of the unity of design pervading the entire universe, which is fully improved. A chapter upon the harmony between the physical constitution of the earth and its inhabitants follows, and clears the way for the more elaborate discussion of those branches of his great theme in which Dr. Hartwig's previous works prove that he is fully at home. Beginning with the cellular construction of plants, he writes of their prodigious variety, which is observed with every change of climate and soil, with every degree of latitude, and even in some instances from mile to mile. And the same difference in external form is observable in the duration of their existence, and in the aggregation of their parts. Equally wonderful is the pliability of their organization, which adapts them to the numberless modifications of the external world resulting from their distribution over the surface of the globe. Then the roots of these same plants serve another purpose than that of furnishing sustenance. Those of the sand reed penetrate a considerable distance, and form a complete system of ropework, which binds together the sand along the coasts and prevents the wind from sweeping it away. Following plants from their roots to their leaves and stems and blossoms and seeds, the doctor shows an equally wonderful adaptation in all their parts to their specific purposes. Some very curious and interesting, if not novel, points are brought out in connection with the dissemination of seeds. The memorable attempt and failure of the Dutch to confine the nutmeg tree to the narrow precincts of Banda, by extirpating it on all the other islands where it grew, is spoken of among other illustrations of the folly of attempting to thwart the laws of nature. After all the trees had been destroyed, as the Dutch supposed, they began to sprout up again, and investigation showed that wild pigeons had dropped the undigested seeds in their excursions over the Moluccas and neighboring islands. Microscopical plants exhibit evidences of design in their construction in a still more wonderful, because in a more minute, degree. Dr. Hartwig next treats of the inhabitants of the sea, rehearsing many facts which are familiar to those who have had the same writer's work on "The Sea and its Living Wonders" to assist their studies in this very interesting branch of natural history. Sponges, the exquisitely beautiful sea-anemones, the curiously formed aculephæ or jelly-fishes, the uniquely formed echinodermata, including snake-stars, star-fishes, etc., are all sketched in their turn. In this connection Dr. Hartwig writes:

"The brittleness of the snake stars is highly remarkable, for at the slightest touch they separate themselves into pieces with wonderful quickness and ease. Touch the common brittle star, and it flings away an arm; hold it, and in a moment not a process remains attached to the body. 'The common brittle star,' says Edward Forbes, 'often congregates in great numbers on the edges of scallop banks, and I have seen a large dredge come up completely filled with them; a most curious sight, for when the dredge was emptied these little creatures, writhing in the strangest contortions, crept about in all directions, often flinging their broken arms in pieces around them; and their snake-like and threatening attitudes were by no means relished by the boatmen, who anxiously asked permission to shovel them overboard, surreptitiously remarking that 'the things weren't altogether right.' There can be no doubt that, thanks to this facility of dismemberment, the brittle stars disappoint many a hungry foe of at least part of his meal, and wriggle out of his reach while he feasts on one of these cast-off arms."

Mollusca, worms, crustaceans, all the wonderful variety of insects, spiders, and then fishes and reptiles, are discussed in their order, and the three concluding chapters of the work are devoted respectively to birds, mammalia, and last of all, to man. Although this work covers such a wide range of subjects, and groups together facts almost innumerable, it need not be said that it does not perform the impossible by exhausting the subject. Dr. Hartwig's purpose evidently has been to write for the instruction and benefit of those who could not spend time to study out tedious technical description. His book is designed for the multitude, and in gathering illustrations of the great truths he devotes himself to impressing upon the minds of his readers, he aims, as far as possible, to avail himself of facts not generally known to any but careful students of the special branches of natural history, upon all of which he draws. His own wide range of study, and consequent familiarity with the topics which he treats, enable him to write with wonderful ease and facility, and certainly it is not strange that so devout a mind as his should at times be carried away by the enthusiasm which constantly inspires it when it contemplates the wonderful adaptations everywhere to be found in things animate and inanimate to the special purposes for which they were designed. Occasionally, perhaps, there may be detected expressions loose in style, or statements of facts about which there might be difference of opinion among educated men; but it would be ungracious to criticise these in view of the laudable purpose which the doctor has in view and which he constantly urges upon the reader.

Since the only thing American about the book is the name of the Messrs. Appleton upon the title-page, it need hardly be said that it is all that could be desired typographically and in the way of illustrations. As regards the latter, however, it must be observed that two or three of them have been transferred from "Homes without Hands," which was noticed last week in THE ROUND TABLE. In the production of these two handsome books, and of the "Harvest of the Sea," which only falls behind the "Harmonies of Nature" and "Homes without Hands" in interest because its subject is limited, we have all the proof needed that the study of natural history is increasing in attractiveness. May we not anticipate the time when we may number among our own scientific men

naturalists who shall devote themselves to popularizing the results of their laborious investigations? Agassiz has set an example in this regard that others might profitably follow, unless, indeed, they wish it to be understood by their silence that they do not consider themselves competent for the work, which is indeed, in many respects, one of exceeding difficulty.

"*Brevity and Brilliance in Chess. A Collection of Games at this 'royal pastime' ingeniously contested, and ending with scientific problems. Culled from the whole range of Chess Literature, by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq.*" New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. Pp. 249.

We have had as yet but little good chess literature in this country. Indeed, with the exception of the writings of Mr. C. H. Stanley, Mr. D. W. Fiske, the fanciful production of Mr. Monroe, and the meager compilation of Professor Agnel, little has been produced on the subject these twenty years past in America of any but the most ephemeral character. No American handbook has yet been written which has just pretensions to be regarded as of an exhaustive nature—the poor attempts in such a direction which have appeared having consisted of fragmentary appropriations from the German Handbuch or from that of Mr. Staunton. It was hoped that Mr. Paul Morphy would supply this deficiency, but that brilliant expert is apparently of opinion either that he has done enough for chess or that chess has done enough for him, and his light, so far as the interests of the noble game are concerned, has been long shrouded under a bushel. We know little of Mr. Morphy's literary abilities, but his mastery of the game is profound, his analytical powers very great, and it would be a profitable enterprise for some one of our leading publishers to induce him to attempt a really first-class American handbook.

The volume before us bears a respectable imprint, is handsomely dressed and carefully printed, the last recommendation being, for a chess book, of supreme importance. The title-page, moreover, advises us that the author or compiler has the distinction of being "chess editor New York *Clipper*, late co-editor 'Chess Monthly,' author 'Beadle's Dime Chess Instructor,' editor 'Clipper Chess Problem Tournament,' etc., etc. Notwithstanding this quadrupled suggestion of his capacity, there is an amusing promise of puerility about Mr. Hazeltine's performance which strikes us in *limine*, and is opulently fulfilled as we proceed. He uses his Christian name, too, omitting the surname, in printing his own games, etc.; an endearing familiarity which might be unobjectionable enough were his book intended for circulation among private friends alone, but which in a volume offered to the public is simply childish. As a gathering of good games, chiefly by noted proficientes, the book, despite its blemishes, may fairly be commended to amateurs and collectors.

"*Views of Saratoga.*" T. Nelson & Sons, New York and London. 1866. Pp. 32. 12 plates.

A PRETTY trifle purporting to be a succinct but complete guide to the celebrated springs, and giving, besides some strongish puffs of hotels, a good deal of what appears to be valuable and interesting information. There are also analyses of the principal springs, exhibiting their chemical constituents, and last, although by no means least, a dozen remarkably tasteful sketches, in colors, of choice localities in and about the village.

## ART.

### ART NOTES.

ONE of the old art landmarks of New York is now in process of demolition—the building on Broadway known as Dr. Chapin's church, but long connected with art as the place in which the Düsseldorf pictures were originally exhibited, and used more lately as a gallery for the exhibition and sale by auction of promiscuous collections of paintings. The Düsseldorf pictures were brought to New York, some ten years ago, by Mr. J. G. Boker, and were shortly after arranged for exhibition in the rooms over the body of the church. A brief revival of the history of the Düsseldorf school may be interesting at the present juncture, when all Germany is under arms, and the original German art-gallery of New York in ruins. Düsseldorf is a town of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and a place of no note whatever except as being the seat



of a somewhat remarkable school of painting. Some forty years ago an enthusiastic German painter named Cornelius gathered around him there a small knot of artists whose works were influenced chiefly by religion, and whose ideas upon the subject of art were somewhat of the medieval cast. Out of this grew the school, the original circle being augmented, from time to time, by many of the leading artists of Germany in the historical, genre, and landscape branches. Mr. Boker, long a resident of this country, though a German by birth, purchased a number of these Düsseldorf paintings, during a visit to his native country, and, having brought them with him to New York, placed them for exhibition in the rooms over the old church, as we have mentioned, where they remained for several years. They were about eighty in number, but there were actually no specimens among them of works by the most famous and prominent members of the Düsseldorf school—nothing from Cornelius, Schadow, Overbeck, or Deger, for example. Lessing's fine picture of the "Martyrdom of Huss" was in the collection, however, among the gems of which we may also mention "The Fairies" of Steinbrück. The Düsseldorf pictures were removed some years since to No. 625 Broadway, where they are still on view. During last winter many collections of pictures were exhibited and dispersed at auction in the old galleries over the church, the most important of these, perhaps, being the one known as the Hunter collection. The place was but poorly adapted for the purposes to which it was applied, but it was an old landmark of Broadway, and we look upon its demolition with a feeling of regret.

Of the four newly-elected royal academicians, two are among the youngest upon whom that honor has yet been conferred: Mr. W. Yeames being thirty-one years of age, and Mr. John Pettie only twenty-seven.

THERE is on view now at Messrs. Ball & Black's a somewhat remarkable picture of Peruvian scenery, painted by Granville Perkins. It represents the Bridge of Mimbres—a slender structure of cane, or some such material, suspended across a deep gorge of the Rio Pampas. There is a picturesque vista of cañons walled with rocks of singular formation, and the foreground is bright with tropical vegetation and the floral color given by characteristic figures. Mr. Perkins, who has hitherto been very felicitous in the rendering of marine subjects, is clearly capable of turning his experience of South American scenery to equally good account.

THE National Academy of Design consists of 80 academicians and 78 associates. A fellowship grade was established in 1863, and it has now 763 members. There were 275 exhibitors this year, 37 of whom were lady artists. The number of pictures exhibited was 512, of which 94 were portraits. There were 30 pieces of sculpture exhibited, 15 of which were portrait busts.

JEAN CHARLES MEISSONIER, son of the artist whose works are so well known to American connoisseurs, is said to be rivaling his father as a painter of small figure-pieces. Two cabinet pictures of his in the French Art Exhibition of the present year are spoken of by the critics as being exquisite for their color and finish.

THE *Athenæum* says that four well-known French painters besides Courbet are "sinners with their brush, from whose canvas people hurry apace." This is apropos of beauty undraped.

IN the French Art Exhibition Lambron has a picture of curious mechanical construction. It is a combination of mosaic work with painting—a white marble plate, instead of canvas, being the material on which it is executed. On this surface the figure of a man with a very humorous expression of face, and clad in quaint costume, is painted in oil. He has just beheaded a parrot with his sword. The checkered floor upon which he stands is inlaid with bits of marble of various colors, *tapis lazuli*, etc., so arranged as to give the correct perspective. This picture is called "The Execution." It is to be hoped that the innovation will not find many imitators, "trick" being a weed already rank enough in the field of art.

THE Crosby Art Gallery is now open at 625 Broadway, in connection with a plan for disposing of the opera-house in Chicago by share certificates. Among the prizes embraced in the scheme are some three hundred paintings, many of them by American artists of eminence, and these will be on exhibition, from time to time, in the New York gallery of the association. Cropsey's large picture entitled "An American Autumn" is now on view there, as is also Beard's "Deer on the Prairie," a composition of western landscape. Bierstadt's "Yo Semite Valley," one of the leading works of that popular artist, is chief among the attractions of the exhibition.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, whose picture, "Crushed by Icebergs," was on exhibition at the Somerville Gallery not

many weeks ago, has just left with an expedition for the coast of Labrador, where he intends remaining for several months. He sailed on the 25th July from Boston, in the steamer *Commerce*.

WE note the death, at Liverpool, England, of Frank Howard, once an artist of promise, but who, of late years, made a scanty subsistence by the sale of sketches, worked off by him in a desultory manner when driven by necessity. Howard published, many years ago, the "Sketcher's Manual"—a very useful little book, in which the principles of drawing and perspective were set forth in a familiar style. He died in a state of destitution.

THE task of painting a picture of the battle of Gettysburg, on the wall of the new extension to the capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., has been assigned to Mr. Rothermel, of Philadelphia, at the price of \$25,000. The picture is to be on a very large scale, with a supplementary border, in the compartments of which characteristic incidents will be introduced.

THE art critic of the London *Saturday Review* returns thanks to Mr. Bierstadt for the lesson in landscape painting taught by that artist's picture of the "Rocky Mountains." He does not, however, consider the drawing of the mountains in that work altogether free from defects.

AMONG the paintings on view in the Crosby Art Gallery is Whittredge's "Autumn Woods," which was one of the attractions at this year's exhibition of the Academy of Design.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### IS OUR EDUCATION SUPERFICIAL?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I read with much interest an article in a recent number of your paper on a very serious subject, namely, the dearth of good writers in this country. One statement, however, in that article struck me as a strange one, and I should like, with your permission, to say a few words about it. The statement is this: "They (the colleges) pack men with ancient lore," etc. I suppose by "ancient lore" you mean chiefly a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and the idea is that students leave college crammed with this kind of learning. Is such your experience, Mr. Editor? If so, I should say it is a rare and a most happy one. The prevailing opinion on this point is, that students, on leaving college, know less of Greek and Latin than when they entered, and certainly the requirements for entering are not heavy.

But I will give you some unexceptionable testimony concerning the classical attainments of graduates thirty years ago which will answer our purposes well enough, seeing that devotion to the classics has not increased in this country since that time. Somewhere Professor Moses Stuart relates his experience with regard to the amount of Greek young men used to bring with them from college to the Andover school. The feeling of these young men would be that they ought by all means to study the New Testament in the original. They wished, therefore, to take up Greek in a thorough and critical manner. All which would meet a hearty response from the professor. "But, young gentlemen," he would blandly observe, "the critical study of Greek for such ends as you have in view, or for any other, requires in the first place a familiar acquaintance with the forms and inflections of the language. This is clear to you all. Before advancing, therefore, I must find out your proficiency here. Mr. So-and-so, will you decline *ποσειδων*?" With tears in his eyes does the professor acknowledge that in a majority of cases these excellent and ambitious young men could not decline this simple Greek noun, such were their tremendous attainments in this study; and probably such is about the condition of most college graduates in these days. Small Latin and less Greek can be safely predicated as among the results of their college course.

But, to pursue the argument a step further, if this packing has been carried on to the extent you complain of, we ought to see the marks of it somewhere, say among the so-called professions. Well, look at the preachers. Do you find them complaining, or any one complaining in their behalf, that their wits have been stifled under the weight of classical attainments? Or take the legal profession. Shades of Cicero, Virgil, and other ancient worthies, what Latin have I heard from lips weighty with knowledge of the law! To be sure there are exceptions now and then, but what is the rule? It is superfluous to speak of the medical fraternity. Of Greek they know never a whisper. If they know enough of Latin to read their own prescriptions, let us be thankful.

To sum all up, Mr. Editor, the idea that our colleges cram young men with Greek and Latin—is not this a

dream? Is not the dearth of good writers in the country owing to something else besides too much study of the classics—owing rather to the superficial manner in which these and all other studies are pursued? We are in too much of a hurry to do things well. We build houses and reputations to last twenty-four hours. We love money, and as literature is a cheap and secondary matter, we turn it over to Gail Hamiltons and junior members of the Cobb family. Respectfully yours,

### DID CHARLES READE WRITE "GRIFFITH GAUNT?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: This hue and cry that has been raised of late against Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, on account of their publication in the "Atlantic Monthly" of "Griffith Gaunt," suggests to me some remarks which may or may not appear very novel to a great many of your readers.

In the first place, I think that there are many reasons which make it very doubtful whether "Griffith Gaunt" was written by Charles Reade. Let a candid critic compare its literary pretensions with the merits of the previous productions of Charles Reade, and he will find a very marked difference. After even a cursory examination and comparison, he will conclude either that Charles Reade did not write "Griffith Gaunt," or that, if he did, he has fallen most lamentably indeed. I am inclined to believe that even an intelligent reader who has perused the former novels of Mr. Reade, and who admires the fine genius he has displayed in that department of literature, has begun, ere this, to entertain doubts as to its genuineness.

In the second place, I think that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have been deceived, either by Mr. Reade or somebody else, for I cannot accuse them of any deception, having always conducted themselves as worthy and Christian gentlemen, in Boston and out of it. In addition to this conjecture, I will broach an opinion that may startle timid people, but which I, nevertheless, believe has some truth in it, namely, that "Griffith Gaunt" was written, not by Mr. Charles Reade, but by some person whom Mr. Reade took under his powerful wing, and to whom he lent the luster of his name to secure him a flattering reception in the literary world. Now, in order to preserve his fair fame at home, Mr. Reade, like a prudent man, brought his wares to a foreign market, where he could readily dispose of them, be they good, bad, or indifferent.

No foreign market could compete in its extravagant offers with ours, where, at the present time, the productions of English pens are valued according to their quantity and not quality. But we all know how little encouragement is given to home literature by the American people. We lament it, and need not waste time on it. We have seen how successful Mr. Reade has been in this project; and, no doubt, he now "laughs in his sleeve" when he thinks how easily he has humbugged his cousins on the other side of the water.

Belief has been attached by certain persons to a rumor that "Griffith Gaunt" was first offered to some of the lowest sensational periodicals of New York city, and they rejected it on the ground that they did not dare undertake its publication. But who can believe that so gifted a novelist as Mr. Reade would be a caterer to the taste of such periodicals, when he could, without the least effort, find a publisher anywhere? Is it not more reasonable to believe that "Griffith Gaunt" had been offered to the New York *Ledger*, *Mercury*, or some paper of that ilk, by the real and obscure author, and not by Mr. Reade, and, on that account, rejected, whereas, had it been sustained by the name of Charles Reade, it would have been eagerly received and published, as was done by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields? Will some acute critic enlighten us?

G. S. H.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Medical Diagnosis with Special Reference to Practical Medicine. By J. M. Da Costa, M.D. 1866. Pp. 784.  
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Taxation: Its Levy and Expenditure, Past and Future. By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. for Finsbury, 1863. 1866. Pp. 253.  
The Internal Revenue Laws. Compiled by Horace Dresser. 1866. Pp. 230.  
SHELDON & Co., New York.—The Principles of Latin Grammar. By Peter Bullions, D.D. Revised by Charles D. Morris. 1866. Pp. 390.  
Cosas de España, illustrative of Spain and the Spaniards as they are. By Mrs. Wm. Pitt Byrne, author of "Flemish Interiors," etc. 1866. 2 vols. Pp. 270, 332.  
STRAHAN & Co., London and New York.—Good Words for 1865. Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D. 1866. Pp. 934.  
SAMUEL BOWLES & Co., Springfield.—The Internal Revenue Guide. Edited by Charles N. Emerson, Assessor 10th Mass. District. 1863. Pp. 323.  
ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Preface Supplementary to *Ecco Homo*. 1866. Pp. 14.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Lady's and Gentleman's Science of Etiquette. 1866. Pp. 126.



## THE ROUND TABLE.

FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 11.

We beg to announce that Mr. HENRY SEDLEY has purchased an interest in, and will henceforward be associated with, the editorial and general direction of this paper. Mr. SEDLEY is not without experience in connection with the New York press, but his writings have of late been chiefly confined to magazines and reviews in London. We take pleasure in introducing our new co-laborer in his present capacity, and are confident the arrangement will assure increased strength and interest to our enterprise.

C. H. SWEETSER.  
DORSEY GARDNER.

## THE FLOURISHING PROSPECTS OF VICE.

FEW among us need to be told that the evils of war do not end with its expenditure of money and of blood. The loosening of social restraints, the exposure to evil habits both of those who go to fight and those who stay behind, the hardening of soul which is bred of familiarity with havoc and desolation, have always had their effects, and presumably always will. We were prepared, in a word, by our historical knowledge, if happily not by our personal experience, to expect at least a temporary increase of crime. We are in a condition to be less shocked than usual by a swelling of the murder rate, a surge upward in the accustomed proportion of burglaries and arsons. If more spirits are drunk, more wives beaten, more throats cut among the lower classes, if embezzlements, seductions, and cognate daintier sins are more rife among the higher, than in purer times which have passed away, the spectacle, however sad, has been anticipated and does not come upon us in the character of a surprise.

In some respects the circumstance is fortunate. A universal horror, a general panic lest the whole social fabric should tumble into atoms, would not only be extremely disagreeable, but, in the nature of things, comparatively useless. When a given combination of circumstances has brought about a certain crisis, simple terror—mere detestation of crime—as Mr. Buckle and others have shown, does little or nothing to prevent it. Moreover, it is easy to see that a knowledge of impending moral disease will be more and more utilized as the world gets wiser, so that it may be fairly prepared for and struggled with as the Board of Health prepares for and fights the cholera. But, on the other hand, the species of apathy which this expectancy or foreknowledge gives rise to has disadvantages which are all its own; disadvantages which are especially conspicuous in a community at once rich, fast-living, and absorbed in commerce. The illustration which we as a nation are affording the world to-day is at once most painful and most striking. It is in the metropolis, of course, that most of the strong colors of the picture are concentrated and intensified. A powerful and well-trained police keeps down, it is true, by dint of ceaseless vigilance and activity, a large ratio of expectable offenses against life and property; and accordingly we find the expressions of decadence—the signs and tokens of a blunted moral sense—in those indulgences and derelictions wherewith municipal authority cannot, or in any case does not, deal.

There is at the present moment a greater amount of absolute prostitution, of hard drinking among all classes high and low, of gambling at faro-banks, of pilfering from employers, of unpunishable cheating in business, of a diffused cynical disregard of morality and religion, in the city of New York than has ever before been known in its history. The notion that associates either dignity or utility with self-control seems to have become almost obsolete. It is the fashion to enjoy, to consume, to leave no pleasure for the morrow which can possibly be devoured to-day. Materialism run mad is the vice of the hour, urging at all costs the gratification of the body, and drawing into its comprehensive vortex laborers and thinkers, ignorant and educated, ladies and scullions, gen-

tleman and politicians, for a common whirl of extravagance and dissipation.

This picture will at once be pronounced untruthful and exaggerated. Recluses whose lives are spent in their studies, the very good people who never see any naughtiness at all until they are steeped to the eyes in it, the pseudo-chivalrous who think it manly boldly to deny what they have not been at the pains to investigate, will promptly declare that our colors are too strong, our sketch distorted and unfaithful. It is not perhaps surprising that in this community people should be so ready to coolly assume that a public writer has erected a theory with no superstructure of knowledge, made statements which he has taken no trouble to verify. At all events, if the averments contained in this article were less true than we think them, such critics would assuredly be less numerous. We do not, of course, wish to be understood as censuring people who are incredulous simply because they can't see, but to imply that we are disposed to vindicate our veracity as against those who won't.

For the candid and public-spirited who are in neither category there are plentiful means for verification. The neighborhoods right and left of Broadway between Canal and Fourteenth Streets furnish glaring and too accessible evidences of the social evil in forms whose grossness and overwhelming number go beyond the worst examples we have seen in European cities. The vicinity of Wall Street—the restaurants and saloons where the wealthiest, best dressed, and most refined looking men in New York may be seen in hundreds any week-day morning—exhibits irrefragable proofs, in bloodshot eyes, thick speech, and staggering gait, of a consumption of stimulants which at such an hour five years ago would have been thought positively startling. The resorts up town in the evenings are bad enough; but the morning examples are obviously the most flagrant ones. We have authority not to be impugned for the statement that gambling hells are increasing and flourishing in an unprecedented manner, although, for the moment, the watering-places absorb the attention of our most distinguished professors; and the books of the Internal Revenue afford evidences of the income of these worthies which must be admitted as incontestable. For further particulars touching our allegations we refer to the officers of the Metropolitan Police.

It would be pleasant to conclude these remarks with a conventional peroration to the effect that we see streaks of light on the horizon, that the promise of better things is manifest, and so on. But in point of fact, we see nothing of the kind. We think it extremely likely that the evils denounced will become worse before they are better. That there will be an ultimate reaction to a more desirable state of things we earnestly hope and religiously believe. In the meantime it can do no sort of good to ignore the facts as they are. It is our duty, on the contrary, honestly to record them. But, let us add, none will hail a reformation with more earnest joy than ourselves when we are able as conscientious chroniclers to do so.

## THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

THE necessity of checks upon the power of majorities has been universally recognized in this country, as in every other free government that now exists. A written constitution which can have no other object than to restrain the action of the majority is regarded among us as indispensable to every state. And these constitutions are full of provisions limiting the power of the legislatures, requiring a two-thirds vote for some purposes, and absolutely prohibiting some things from being done at all.

Some of these restrictions are found extremely inconvenient, and at times positively mischievous in their nature; yet they are steadily maintained, and their number has been of late years enlarged rather than diminished. Yet it seems plain to us that many of these fetters upon legislation, and especially the requirement of a two-thirds vote, owe their existence to the absence of a fair representation of the people, by which minorities are not merely defeated but absolutely extinguished. It could not be that the founders of our governments thought it necessary that two-thirds of the people should agree upon a measure before it could be enacted. Experience has shown

that not one proposition in a thousand, even of the most clearly proved advantage to the state, will ever command such a majority, if opposed with vigor even by a few. Only three states gave a two-thirds vote for any candidate in 1856, only two in 1860, and six in 1864. No candidate for the presidency whose election was opposed at all, ever received two-thirds of the popular vote. No great questions, such as the tariff, the national bank, the various wars entered into by the country, slavery, internal improvements, etc., have been determined by such a vote. It is very doubtful whether the Declaration of Independence was desired by two-thirds of the people. It is quite certain that all the great advances which have been made in public affairs since that period have been decided by a smaller proportion of the people; and that a three-fifths vote has been as overwhelming in its effects as it has been rare in occurrence.

The framers of our political constitutions observed that a moderate majority of the people usually elected two-thirds of the legislatures, and they imposed the check of a two-thirds vote upon measures which ought not to pass without the undoubted approval of a clear majority of the people. But the rule is arbitrary, founded upon no particular principle, and productive of very unequal and unexpected results. When a state is composed of a number of counties all of similar political character, it may happen that a party numbering fifty-five per cent. of the electors will have eighty per cent. of the legislature, while in another state, where half the counties are strongly one way, and the other half much more strongly the other way, the party having a large majority in the whole state may have but a small majority in the legislature. Thus in Connecticut, the republican-union party, with a majority of only 1,200 votes in a poll of 88,000, elected 13 of the 21 senators; in other words, with only 50½ per cent. of the vote, they secured 62 per cent. of the Senate. In 1865, with 57½ per cent. of the vote, they carried all the Senate. The state is much more fairly districted for senators than for representatives, yet the latter body contained a much fairer proportion of the minority, the democrats having 32 per cent. of that house in 1865, and over 40 per cent. in 1866. In the almost forgotten period of democratic sway the same injustice was apparent. Thus in 1852, when the democrats carried the state by 460 majority, they elected 14 of the 21 senators, and with less than 50½ per cent. of the vote secured 57 per cent. of the lower house. In the state of New York in the same year, the democrats had only 50½ per cent. of the electors, and yet carried 67 per cent. of the assembly. On the other hand, New Jersey gave 53 per cent. of her votes to McClellan in 1864, and yet the assembly was equally divided politically.

The legislature ought in reality to be a mirror of the popular sentiment. Minorities in all parts of the country should have an opportunity to be heard as distinctly as majorities. The majority should rule, but ought not to be freed from the necessity of listening to the minority; nor should any system be tolerated which gives to a party in the legislature a strength disproportioned to its power among the people.

Various schemes have been proposed for the achievement of this purpose. The most complete and scientific of these plans is that of Mr. Hare, of England, for the election of the House of Commons, the only real objection to which is that it is somewhat too complicated for the popular understanding. His plan, applied to the state of New York, would be in substance that the 128 members of Assembly should be elected by general ticket. Each ticket could only contain a limited number of names, say ten or twenty, and must in some way indicate the order in which they were preferred by the voter. The whole number of ballots would be divided by 128 (the number of assemblymen), and after any candidate had obtained this quota of votes, no other votes for him would be taken into account; but the ballots with his name standing first would be counted for the candidate second in order, until he was found to have received the necessary vote, upon which the candidate third upon the list would receive the benefit of the remaining votes for the three, and so on. Thus, to illustrate, let us suppose that four members are to be elected by a constituency of four thousand voters, of whom twenty-five hundred are unionists



and the rest democrats. The quota necessary to elect would be one thousand.

A receives	2,500	votes	for first choice.
B "	2,400	"	for second choice.
C "	2,400	"	for third choice.
D "	2,500	"	for fourth choice.
E "	1,500	"	for first choice.
F "	1,400	"	for second choice.
G "	1,400	"	for third choice.
H "	1,500	"	for fourth choice.

Here A and E are of course elected, having received over 1,000 votes each. Deducting these votes, B stands with 1,400 votes on the list, and is elected. None of the rest have sufficient votes for election. Thus two unionists and one democrat are chosen, and there is one vacancy.

But suppose parties are equally divided:

For first choice	A 2,000	E 2,000.
" second "	B 2,000	F 2,000.
" third "	C 1,900	G 1,900.
" fourth "	D 1,900	H 1,900.

Here two of each party are chosen.

Again, suppose the parties stand as 3,000 to 1,000, without going over all the figures again, it is obvious that the majority would make up the necessary quota for three candidates and no more, while the minority would secure one. Tried in any manner, it will be found that this method of election secures to every party its exact share of representation, as nearly as figures will allow.

Mr. Hare's plan would moreover enable third parties to exist. It is almost impossible to maintain more than two parties in America, for the plain reason that a third party is utterly unable, without coalition, to secure the least shadow of representation in Congress or the legislatures. The old liberty party, though casting at one time 15,000, and at another time 25,000 votes in New York, never elected an assemblyman except by some coalition. With Mr. Hare's plan in force, it would have constantly elected from four to six members to the assembly, and one or more to the senate, while the party having a majority of the people would still have retained its majority in the legislature.

If Mr. Hare's plan should be thought too complicated for immediate adoption, a medium course might be taken by electing six members in a district, and allowing those who only voted for one to have their votes count as six, a vote for two to count equal to three votes for each, and so on. This would enable a minority of not less than one-sixth to secure a representation. Thus, in a constituency of 6,000 electors, 3,000 unionists, 2,000 democrats, and 1,000 independent, the unionists would probably vote for four candidates, the democrats for three, and the independents for one. The union candidates would then be allowed the equivalent of 4,500 votes each, the three democrats 4,000 votes each, and the independent 6,000 votes. The result would be the election of four unionists, one democrat, and one independent. This plan would plainly deter either party from attempting to grasp too much, as they would risk more than they could gain. Thus, if the unionists, confident in their majority, should attempt to elect all six of the members, they would have only 3,000 votes each, and the democrats would elect all three of their candidates, instead of only one. On the other hand, if the democrats attempted to carry four candidates and the independents two, the unionists could certainly elect five, and possibly all six, of the members. The moderation thus made necessary would greatly encourage independent action and increase the respect in which minorities would be held.

We are already familiar in this country with some very simple plans for securing representation to minorities, such as the election of three inspectors of election, no person voting for more than two, and the election of the supervisors of New York city, no one being allowed to vote for more than half the number to be elected. The objection to these plans is that they are not sufficiently flexible to represent the changes of public feeling. A majority of one would carry just the same proportion of the offices as a majority of ten thousand. These plans also tend to strengthen the fetters of party, whereas it is desirable that they should be relaxed. Party obligations ought to bind the elected and not the electors. But under these plans the electors would no more dare to divide their strength than they do now, lest the unit-

ed party should carry everything against the dis-united one.

Under Mr. Hare's plan, every class would be able to have its special and avowed representatives. The liquor dealers, the temperance men, the employers of labor, the workmen on strikes, the merchants, the lawyers—in short, every class in the state could combine to elect each from one to four members of the legislature from among themselves, without imperiling the ascendancy of the party to which they might respectively be attached. How much better this plan is than any of the expedients at present used to obtain a hearing for these classes, no reasonable man can doubt.

The standard of qualifications would also be raised by compelling every candidate to submit to the scrutiny of the whole state, or of a large district. The single-district system is an admitted failure. It was designed to give minorities a better chance, and to some extent has done so. New York and Kings County would never elect a union assemblyman by general ticket, and the rural districts will never consent to restore a system attended with such results. Yet it is a matter of constant and just complaint that the new system has brought forward a weaker class of men. The only way of harmonizing these opposing considerations is by restoring the general ticket plan with some such provision for the benefit of the minority as we have here suggested. It will give us statesmen instead of small politicians, and a representation of the whole people instead of a mere representation of the majority.

#### TO THE WRITERS OF THE FUTURE.

THE coming season bids fair to be the most active and perhaps the most prosperous one ever known in the United States. The rise of the tide is even now beginning to be felt, and, notwithstanding political complications—in spite of the dismal threats of either uproarious faction that the country will go bag and baggage to Hades if their peculiar views are not rigorously and speedily put in force—there exists a solid conviction among the masses of the people that more business is to be done and more money made in the season of 1866-7 than the country has yet seen. Peace in Europe, the successful laying of the cable, the comparative innocuousness of the dreaded cholera, tend to fortify a belief, already well based upon exceptional circumstances, in the approach of a period of tumultuous activity and commensurate profit.

We have confidence in the prognosis and have but little doubt that the languor and apathy our fearful summer's heats have spread through the circles of trade will be followed by a reaction quite as unparalleled; a reverse impulse bearing in its current a vigor, a boldness in commercial operations, a comprehensive energy in all departments and avenues of business such as have been undreamt of before. The traders, the merchants and shopkeepers of the future have a lively prospect before them; but what has this to do with its authors? Your cotton merchants may roll in wealth, your stockbrokers build themselves palaces, nay, even your grocers may set up their broughams, and your dressmakers migrate into Fifth Avenue, but what imports their prospective magnificence to the writers of the future?

It is the answer to this question which chiefly concerns us. Nothing is more common than the complaints of men of letters respecting the neglect with which they are treated—the pervading lack of interest in the higher walks of literature on the part of the American people. Generally speaking, this is attributed to the feverish activity of commercial pursuits, in which so great a proportion of those who might induce a better state of things is engaged. True it is that the absence of social distinctions, and the consequent gravitation to a common level of things literary, in obedience to known laws of demand and supply, have, in the estimation of some, to bear a share of the odium; but in general the first explanation is the chief, the accepted one, and its formula is, "Our people are too busy."

Now if our people are going to be so uncommonly busy—if this national characteristic so antagonistic to letters is to be thus increased, emphasized, and sharpened—what chance is there going to be for the writers of the future? It has been bad enough before, but how will it be when the cause of the mis-

chief waxes stronger? The time at which we predict the growing dimensions of the commercial spirit is a favorable one for us—deeply interested as we must needs be in American letters, present and to come—to consider and face these questions. For if it indeed be true that the more trade prospers the more literature declines, it is well to penetrate and grapple with the causes of such phenomena with a view to essay a remedy.

But we venture to assert that this assumption is far too sweeping, and that the subject, generally speaking, has been a great deal misunderstood by men of letters themselves. Literature must, or should, fit itself to the form and body of the time. It is idle to offer pearls when the age calls for diamonds. It is vain to be didactic and verbose when the age calls for point and brevity. Men of affairs are perfectly ready to sustain and to push forward a national literature, but we shall not gain their suffrage by flying in the face of all their pet prejudices. It would certainly be a good thing for the country if business men would become more literary; but would it not also be a good thing if the literary men would become more business-like?

What is needed is that our writers—we speak more especially of writers of the class who usually contribute to THE ROUND TABLE—should tax their ingenuity and their powers of compression to the end that they may be more in sympathy with the peculiar spirit and situation of the community in which we live. Word paintings, graceful periphrases, sparkling antitheses, ambiguous involutions, and subtleties of diction are very fine things in their way, but surely the most important things to aim at now are ideas—ideas in contradistinction to words. We require point, simplicity, directness; in brief, more matter and less art than we have been accustomed to. If we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do. It will not answer to forget the existence of nine-tenths of the community, however anxious we may be to cater to the more cultivated taste of the remaining fraction. Let us not, however, be misunderstood in this matter. We would abate no whit from the dignity of a position in which we take and cherish an honorable pride. The gist of our observations is intended to be that we recognize the propriety and force of placing ourselves in sympathy with the energy, the spirit, the taste for practical views and direct, straightforward expression which are such marked characteristics of the people among whom we live. We intend to make THE ROUND TABLE a power in a very comprehensive sense of the term; and this process just described we consider to be essential to the firm establishment of the good which we hope through it to be able to accomplish.

The following remarks from the London *Examiner*—albeit intended for another audience—are so far in harmony with our views and so pertinent in their application to much which we have endeavored in this article to express, as to be read no doubt with interest, while they certainly may be with instruction:

"Some of our journals seem to make it a distinct object of care to earn the good-will of young readers at Oxford and Cambridge. . . . One consequence of the large influx of late years of undergraduates and newly fledged B.A.s and M.A.s among writers for the journals is an over-regard for mere writing, a growing tendency to discuss subjects less with direct and simple regard to what one has to say about them than with labor to show what one can say. Good writers, educated honest men who by their writing are really doing service to the state, weaken their cause often by appearing to care less for the plain and clear enforcement of it than for the credit they may win to themselves, or to the journal in which they write, for their manner of discussing it. Sometimes in discussing men the temptation to be smart, to say something that would be applauded over a common-room fire, overweighs the sense of exact truth and fairness. So in discussing books we are disposed to ascribe to this cause the mistaken strain for a display of cleverness (which quite as often has modesty as conceit at the root of it) that threatens to make reviewing, like glass painting, one of the lost arts. Instead of learning from our B.A. what a book has to say, and how it is said, and being allowed as often as possible to test his description and opinion in a few extracts given as honest samples of its quality, we read an essay upon or about the subject of the book, with a touch or two of incidental opinion as to the book itself, but seldom a line of extract in which it is permitted to speak for itself. And the public mind has even in some degree been contaminated with a notion that the object of a review of a book is to set forth the cleverness of the reviewer. This error will undoubtedly in time correct itself, but it is one help towards correction that its existence should be now and then distinctly recognized."



# SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

## E. P. DUTTON & CO.

THIS bookselling and publishing house, which now occupies the "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston, so long known as the stand of Ticknor & Fields and their predecessors, dates back to the autumn of 1853, when the firm of Ide & Dutton began business in chambers on Washington Street, confining their attention to school-books, maps, and other educational apparatus. In the following spring they bought out the Episcopal bookselling and publishing business of Charles Stimson, who for many years had done the whole work of that denomination in New England. This accession secured for the new firm convenient quarters on the street floor, which became a resort for the clergy and interested laity of that church. In the spring of 1853, Mr. Lemuel N. Ide relinquished his share of the business by sale to the other partner, who, under the style of E. P. Dutton & Co., still continued at No. 106 Washington Street. In December, 1864, Mr. Charles A. Clapp, who had been for many years a clerk with Ticknor & Fields, was admitted to the firm, and the new house concluded an arrangement for succeeding to the retail trade of their predecessors at the "old corner," which they did on Ticknor & Fields's removal last year.

The denominational publications of this house consist:

1st. Of a weekly newspaper, the *Christian Witness*.

2d. A magazine, "The Church Monthly" (which, with a quarterly published elsewhere, constitute the whole periodical literature of that faith).

3d. A series of prayer-books, hymn-books, and other exercises for the Sunday-school, some of which have sold extensively; and of the Book of Common Prayer they have issued in elegant style (the work being done at Riverside) plain and rubricated editions which are reputed the best for Episcopal use in the country.

4th. Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Mason, late rector of Grace Church in Boston; Dr. Chapman's denominational discourses; and a volume reprinted from Charles Kingsley, which he entitled "Good News of God."

5th. Devotional books like the "Imitation of Christ," their edition of which is a copy of the red-bordered Oxford edition, creditably done, and sundry manuals.

6th. Family Prayers, including Bishop Wainwright's, Bishop Griswold's, and other collections.

7th. Hymns, like Keble's "Christian Year" (in a handsome edition); Dr. Huntington's collections, which have become well-known under the names of "Elim" (together with those he has re-edited, like Miss Waring's) and the "Lyra Domestica;" and the "Lyra Germanica," a name under which Miss Winkworth's translated selections from the German are well known.

In miscellaneous literature their catalogue is not as yet extensive; it includes some well-known books, however, like Robert Lowell's poems and his "New Priest in Conception Bay," a novel that has made its readers hope its author would again try that field. They have issued also for Mr. Calvert the latest edition of his essay on "The Gentleman" and the recent volume of his "Poems." They also have a brief list of medical books, bearing the well-known names of Jackson, Channing, Chomel, and Rigby, besides the life of the late Dr. J. C. Warren, so long and well-known in and outside of Boston.

Their juvenile list is select, if small, as we have found from examination, and, as they give it special attention, is likely to be materially increased. They still retain the specialty of school-books with which they began; and in the department of maps and globes offer the largest assortment, if not the only one, in their city. They have recently added another department to their business, in the importation of foreign photographs of a large size, and have already laid in an extensive stock, supplying dealers in other cities.

The "old corner" has many associations, historical and literary, which endear it to Bostonians. The estate was from the earliest record the property of William, the husband of the famous Ann Hutchinson, and the ancestor of a line that has figured notably in the history of the colony. The present edifice is about the only specimen left of the style of building which

was subsequently constructed on the ground swept over by the conflagration of 1711; and, after various vicissitudes of ownership, it has now remained for more than eighty years the property of the allied families of Brimmer and Inches—names well known in Boston annals. The immediate predecessor of the booksellers on the spot was an apothecary, Dr. Samuel Clarke, the father of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who occupied the premises from 1816 till 1828, when the bookselling firm of Carter & Hendee first consecrated the premises to literature, as we have stated formerly when sketching the history of their successors, Ticknor & Fields.

## LITERARIANA.

### AMERICAN.

NOT a very common volume is the first edition of Mr. Longfellow's translation of "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique," which was published by Allen & Ticknor in 1833. It is a thin 12mo of eighty-nine pages, which contains, in addition to the noble poem in question, seven sonnets from Lope de Vega, Francesco de Aldana, and Francesco de Medrano, besides an introductory essay of twenty-seven pages on the "Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain." We copy below two sonnets which are not to be found in any later edition of Mr. Longfellow's poetical works. They are from Francesco de Medrano.

### ART AND NATURE.

The works of human artifice soon tire  
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,  
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,  
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.

But oh! the free and wild magnificence  
Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,  
In admiration silent and intense,  
The soul of him, who hath a soul to feel.  
The river moving on its ceaseless way,  
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,  
And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene,  
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay—  
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,  
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

### THE TWO HARVESTS.

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves  
Waned on the golden harvest; from the plains  
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain  
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.

Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,  
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,  
A peerless emerald on each silken fold,  
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.  
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space  
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the summer tide.  
And what are we?—a copy of that race,  
The later harvest of a longer year!  
And oh! how many fall before the ripened ear!

As Mr. Longfellow is about to appear before the world as a translator of Dante's great work, his ideas in regard to translation in general may not be uninteresting to the reader, even though thirty-three years have elapsed since they were first pronounced. "The great art of translating well," he says in his preface to the little volume before us, "lies in the power of rendering literally the words of a foreign author, while, at the same time, we preserve the spirit of the original. But how far one of these requisites of a good translation may be sacrificed to the other—how far a translator is at liberty to embellish the original before him, while clothing it in a new language—is a question which has been decided differently by persons of different tastes. The sculptor, when he transfers to the inanimate marble the form and features of a living being, may be said not only to copy, but to translate. But the sculptor cannot represent in marble the beauty and expression of the human eye; and in order to remedy this defect as far as possible, he is forced to transgress the rigid truth of nature. By sinking the eye deeper, and making the brow more prominent above it, he produces a stronger light and shade, and thus gives to the statue more of the spirit and life of the original than he could have done by an exact copy. So, too, the translator. As there are certain beauties of thought and expression in a good original which cannot be fully represented in the less flexible material of another language, he, too, at times, may be permitted to transgress the rigid truth of language and remedy the defect, so far as such a defect can be remedied, by slight and judicious embellishments." How far the laws laid down above have guided Mr. Longfellow in his translation of Dante will be seen hereafter; for our part, however, we trust that the "marble man of many woes" has received no embellishments from Mr. Longfellow, however slight or judicious. We want Dante in a translation of Dante; not Cary or Wright or even Mr. Longfellow, who ought

to make the best translation of his author, being the truest poet that has yet taken him in hand.

MR. ALEXANDER STRAHAN is about to publish "The Magic Mirror; A Round of Tales for Young and Old," by William Gilbert. Of Mr. Gilbert we know but little, save that he is the author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," a volume devoted to the eccentricities of lunatics, which had the honor of a long review in the *London Times* when it appeared—a circumstance which led to its reprint in this country by the late Mr. James G. Gregory. Mr. Gilbert is the author of a second book, "De Profundis," which we have not yet had time to read, and lastly, of the unique little volume mentioned above. We call it unique, for we know of nothing exactly like it in English literature. Hawthorne might have written it, though he would have written it in a different way, imparting to it a grace and imagination which it now lacks, and removing it further from this work-day world of ours. We shall not tell the plot, which partakes largely of the supernatural, the impossibilities, in which romance delights. The scene lies in England towards the latter end of the fifteenth century, and the personages are such as made up the mixed society of that time. "The Magic Mirror" is divided into nine different stories, viz.: "The Glass Brain" (how Hawthorne would have liked that title!) "Giles the Swineherd," "The Mercer's Apprentice," "The Merchant's God-daughter," "The Sacristan of St. Botolph," "The Ring of Fratrada," "The Physician's Wife," "The King's Ball," and "The Broken Mirror." But we must not forget the illustrations, of which there are eighty-four, the work of an artist whose name is new to us, W. S. Gilbert. They are full of a strange humor and grotesque diablerie, for which we should not have given any English artist of the day credit, suggesting certain French and German draughtsmen, whose spirit Mr. Gilbert has caught, without damage, however, to his own originality.

MR. HENRY M. FIELD'S "History of the Atlantic Telegraph" will not be published by Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co., as we announced last week, but by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.—the former firm only concerning themselves with the importation and sale of English publications.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. publish in three handsome volumes, of what we suppose should be called cabinet size, "The Poetical Works of Thomas Buchanan Read." Mr. Read is the oldest, we believe, of the younger American poets, his earliest volume having been published in the neighborhood of twenty years ago. He is a born poet, but one who has not done justice to his genius by culture and thought, singing, apparently, as the bird does, sometimes from the fullness of his feelings, and sometimes, as the country boy whistles, "for want of thought." His richest possession is a delicate and graceful fancy, upon which, in his younger years, he drew largely—too largely for the proportion and symmetry of his poems. It was not an exuberant fancy, but rather an over-active one—Mr. Read sharing in this respect the early mistake of Mr. Longfellow, who might at one time have been considered as his master, and from whose influence he has never fully emancipated himself. What we mean by the over-activity of his fancy may be seen by turning to the first of the three volumes before us, and notably so to the poem entitled "An Invitation," which, charming enough in feeling, is but a thread upon which to string his beads of imagery:

"Come, then, my friend, and this shall seem no more—  
Come when October walks his red domain,  
Or when November from his windy floor  
Winnows the hail and rain;

And when old Winter through his fingers numb  
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam;  
And when the mill-wheel specked with ice is dumb  
Within the neighboring stream:

And I will weave athwart the mystic gloom,  
With hand grown weird in strange romance, for thee  
Bright webs of fancy from the golden loom  
Of charmed Poesy.

And let no censure in thy looks be shown,  
That I, with hands adventurous and bold,  
Should grasp the enchanted shuttle which was thrown  
Through mightier warps of old."

Imagery of this sort, and we would be the last to underrate it, is one of the elements of poetry, but it is not poetry itself. We might multiply instances of Mr. Read's fondness for simile and metaphor, but they are not necessary at this late day. Running hastily through his first volume we light upon a number of old favorites of ours, as "The Summer Shower" (which, however, is crowded with the faults we have just indicated), "Sunlight on the Threshold," one of the sweetest poems ever written about a child, "Midnight," "Some Things Love Me," "The Stranger on the Sill," "A Glimpse of Love,"



"The City of the Heart," "The Nameless," and, best of all, this delightful little lyric, which any poet might be glad to have written:

## A SONG.

Bring me the juice of the honey fruit,  
The large translucent, amber-hued,  
Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit  
The luxury that fills my mood.

And bring me only such as grew  
Where fairest maidens tend the bowers,  
And only fed by rain and dew  
Which first had bathed a bank of flowers.

They must have hung on spicy trees,  
In airs of far enchanted vales,  
And all night heard the ecstasies  
Of noble-throated nightingales:

So that the virtues which belong  
To flowers may therein tasted be,  
And that which hath been thrilled with song  
May give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee  
Which hath too long in silence hung,  
And sweeter than all else should be  
The song which in thy praise is sung.

Mr. Read made the mistake when he was young of thinking that he could write long poems: his second and third volumes contain the result—"The New Pastoral," "The House by the Sea," and "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," all of which are failures in more senses than one. There are creditable passages in them, but there is no sustained power, and no unity. Mr Read is essentially a lyricist, and it is much to be regretted that his ambition ever led him into epical fields, which are too vast for his genius. His "War Poems"—for Mr. Read has written war poems like the rest of his fellow-singers at the North and the South—are not good, not even his much vaunted and more mouthed "Sheridan's Ride," the conception of which is rather striking, and the execution of which is spirited in parts. It is not true to history, we have been assured by military men, since Sheridan's staff, or a portion of it, rode with him from Winchester—a fact totally ignored in the poem, which is a glorification of Sheridan alone—and since our troops were not retreating, as Mr. Read would have us believe, but already reformed in line of battle when Sheridan arrived. There were great men before Agamemnon, we are told, a circumstance which our "one man" idolizers would do well to remember, particularly those who aspire to write history. Mr. Read's poem, "The Eagle and the Vulture," an attempt to celebrate the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, reminds us of a story of Douglas Jerrold, who was attacked one day by a literary acquaintance with, "I heard you said that So-and-So," naming a book he just published, "was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," said Jerrold, "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

This little poetic allegory comes to us from Chicago:

## TOIL AND SONG.

I. I launched two tiny little barks  
At dawn one summer's day;  
I filled with freight these little arks,  
And sped them on their way.

II. Not even seemed my boats in strength,  
Nor built by equal hand;  
They courses took of different length,  
But to the same far land.

III. The one was built of stoutest oak,  
Made to withstand the shock,  
When 'gainst her side the wild waves broke,  
Or when she struck the rock.

IV. No beauty was there in her form—  
Nought that the waves would spoil;  
I launched her boldly in the storm,  
And on her prow was "Toil."

V. The other I built of a pearly shell,  
Her sails were of foil of gold,  
Her gleaming prow cut the waters well,  
It was cast in a fairy mold.

VI. A gossamer thread was the cable I gave,  
And it held her fast and strong;  
I launched her out on a sunny wave,  
And I wrote on her banner "Song."

VII. And now I stand on the shore and wait,  
Watching the gleam of each sail;  
Waiting to hear of each tiny bark's fate—  
Which shall succeed, which fail.

T. W. H.

THERE is now living in the town of West Hoboken, N. J., an old lady named Hanson, who is said to be the niece of Oliver Goldsmith, her father having been a younger brother of the poet. He was married in the West Indies, at the age of forty-two, and Mrs. Hanson was his third child. She was married, sixty years ago, to

Mr. John T. Hanson, whose wealth was swept away by the liberation of the slaves in Jamaica. Her son, the Rev. John Holloway Hanson, the author of "The Lost Prince," died in 1853, and her grandson was killed in the rebellion. Old, blind, crippled, dependent on the exertions of her only daughter, who is in feeble health, something should be done for this lady, who to the misfortune of poverty has added the honor of relationship with an illustrious name in letters. Mr. Frederick Fitzgerald, rector of Trinity Parish, Hoboken, will receive any money that may be contributed for her relief and maintenance.

THE works of Mr. Edmund Kirke, the latest of which, "Among the Guerrillas," has just been published by Mr. George W. Carleton, are remarkably popular, having reached a sale of fifty-five thousand copies in three years. Their circulation, and, indeed, that of most books published in New York, is much less than works of a similar nature issued in Hartford, as may be seen by the sale of several relating to the war, viz.:

Headley's History, 1st and 2nd volume. . . . .	\$682,500 00
Greeley's History, 1st volume. . . . .	650,000 00
Kettell's History. . . . .	330,000 00
Nurse and Spy. . . . .	440,000 00
Field, Dungeon, and Escape. . . . .	366,500 00
Four Years in Secessia. . . . .	105,000 00
Life and Death in Prisons. . . . .	110,000 00
	\$2,584,000 00

The number of volumes which went to swell this little amount was eight hundred and twenty-one thousand, which is about double the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and four times that of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." Well, this is a fast age, much faster than it was when Milton published "Paradise Lost," and made five or ten pounds by the venture.

THE laying of the Atlantic cable brings to mind some lines by the Rev. John Pierpont, written during the Presidency of General Taylor, when putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" (it takes, by the way, a little over an hour for President Johnson to reach Queen Victoria) was more novel than it is now. Here they are:

"The warrior statesman, laying down his pen,  
Retires to bed in Washington at ten;  
The lightning courier leaps along the line,  
And at St. Louis tells the tale at nine;  
Halting a thousand miles whence he departed,  
And getting there an hour before he started."

## FOREIGN.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, the German poet, contributed an interesting paper to a late number of the *Athenæum*, on "The Favorite Stanza of Burns," *apropos* to some remarks of Mr. Robert Chambers on "The Metres of Burns," in the appendix to his edition of that poet's works. The stanza in question is the one used by Burns in his "Verses to a Mouse," which, as the readers of Scottish poetry will remember, was not original with him, having been used by Ferguson before him, who found it in the works of Ramsay, who found it in the works of his cotemporary Hamilton, of Gilbertfield, who, as Mr. Chambers says, "had before him some poems of the same form which had been produced before the middle of the seventeenth century, by Robert Semple, of Beltrees." "Semple," Mr. Chambers continues, "has been supposed to be the inventor of the measure; but it may be traced in slightly different forms amongst the writers of the preceding century. We find Sir Richard Maitland employing one only differing from it in the want of a line, which, of course, it was easy for a subsequent poet to add. Sir Richard himself gives an example of the full form of the stanza, only with a fifth rhyme in the second last line,"—and "when we go seventy years further back, we find the germ of the stanza in a peculiar group of the poems of Dunbar, where rhymed couplets were somewhat conceitedly associated with alternate rhymes. Beyond the commencement of the sixteenth century, it does not seem possible to trace this stanza even in its most rudimentary state." Thus far Mr. Chambers on the favorite stanza of Burns, which he seems to think the invention of a Scottish poet. This, however, is not the case, as Mr. Freiligrath shows, proving it to be of foreign growth, and older by five hundred years than Semple of Beltrees. The brisk march of its strain sounded first, he says, in the language of the troubadours, the melodious *Langue d'Oc*. "We meet it in some of the poems left by William (Guillelm) the Ninth, Count of Poitiers (born 1071, died 1127), grandfather of Eleanor of Aquitaine (English Queen Eleanor), and great-grandfather of Richard Cœur de Lion. William—about whom, among others, William of Malmesbury may be read—is the earliest of the troubadours on record, not absolutely the earliest, if we believe Faurel ('Histoire

de la Poésie Provençale,' vol. i., p. 466), who, although he cannot name an earlier one, yet is convinced that William must have had predecessors in the *art de trobar*; and, if not the inventor of Burns's 'favorite stanza,' he is certainly the first poet, as far as historical knowledge goes, who used it."

He then subjoins a specimen of the stanza as used by William of Poitiers, with specimens from Semple of Beltrees and Burns:

## WILLIAM OF POITIERS.

(Raynour, "Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours," vol. v., p. 117.)

Pas vezem de nouvelle florir  
Pratz, e vergiers reverdezir,  
Rins e fontans esclazir,  
Auras e vens,  
Ben deu quâscus lo joy janzir  
Don es jauzens.

## SEMPLÉ OF BELTREES.

Wha'll jaw ale on my droughty tongue,  
To cool the heat o' light and lung?  
Wha'll bid me when the kail-bell's rung,  
To board me speed?  
Wha'll set me by the barrel-bung,  
Since Sandy's dead?

## BURNS.

All hail! my own inspired bard!  
In me thy native Muse regard!  
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
Thus poorly low!  
I come to give thee such reward  
As we bestow.

He gives other specimens from William of Poitiers, which seem to show that he, like Burns, had a predilection for the measure, and specimens from the works of later troubadours, one of whom, the Monk of Montaudon, about 1200, employed a stanza differing from it in the want of a line (Raynour, vol. iv., p. 373):

"L'autre jorn m'en pugiey al cel,  
Qu'aviey parlar ab Santo Miguel  
Don fui mandatz;  
Et auzi un clam que ne fou bel:  
Eras l'auiatz!"

which is exactly the form of Sir Richard Maitland's stanza:

"My horse, my harness, and my spear,  
And all my other, my horting gear,  
May now be sauld;  
I am not able for the weir,  
I am sae auld."

"There remains, however," he adds in conclusion, "this question, How is the strange phenomenon to be explained that this stanza, after having fallen into disuse in the land of its birth, and after having lain dormant there and elsewhere for centuries, should suddenly have been resuscitated and naturalized in a country so remote and so different from the south of France as Scotland? How and when did it travel there? Not, if I conjecture rightly, through England; nor at or about the time of its being in use with the troubadours. True, the relations between southern France and England were most intimate at that time. Queen Eleanor, celebrated in the songs of Bernard de Ventadour, and her husband, Henry II., protected Provençal poetry. So did their son, Richard Cœur de Lion, the forgiving conqueror of Bertran de Born, and a troubadour himself. Provençal song, in those days, certainly was well-known in England; but as Diez ('Die Poesie der Troubadours,' p. 233) has shown, circumstances were adverse to its exercising any influence on the development of native British verse. The song-writers of the south of France, unlike their northern brethren, the Norman romancers, never awakened an echo in English literature. The migration of the stanza to Scotland must have taken place, then, at a later period, and, if I am not much mistaken, in a direct way. Let us not forget the early French connections of Scotland. Setting apart royal marriages and other dynastic intercourse, did not Dunbar and Sir Richard Maitland, when young men, both travel in France? May they not have met with and studied there, in hall or library, some manuscripts of the troubadours? I mention, also, Chatelet and Rizzio, the poetical attendants of Mary Stuart. Can the probability of their having known and introduced to Holyrood Palace the works and measures of the Occitanian poets bring the problem in any way nearer its solution? I, for my part, do not pretend to settle the question. I content myself with having stated the case, and shall be glad if the hints which I have ventured to throw out may lead to further investigation, and perhaps to the discovery of facts serving to fully elucidate the history of the 'favorite stanza of Burns.'"

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has just published his third volume of verse, "London Poems," and it is likely to add, we think, to his reputation. He has got further away from the romantic mythology with which he started in his "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," which was a great growth on his first book, showing, as it did, that he had begun to think and feel for himself, and was anxious to learn his art where alone it can best be cultivated at the present time—on the highways and byways of this great world in which men sin and suffer, and sometimes triumph over the evils which surround them. He has followed the advice of Sir Philip Sydney, "Foole! said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write." In his "London Poems" he does for the city what he did for

the country in his "Idyls and Legends." The volume abounds in passages of quiet beauty and simple pathos, with occasional touches of tragic earnestness, such as we might look in vain for elsewhere. The most tragic of all the poems is, perhaps, "London Idyl," originally contributed to the "Fortnightly Review." Of his smaller poems the following is a favorable specimen:

BARBARA GRAY.

"Barbara Gray!  
Pause, and remember what the world will say,"  
I cried, and turning on the threshold fled,  
When he was breathing on his dying bed;  
But when, with heart grown bold,  
I cross'd the threshold cold,  
Here lay John Hamerton, and he was dead.

And all the house of death was chill and dim,  
The dull old housekeeper was looking grim,  
The hall-clock ticking slow, the dismal rain  
Splashing by fits against the window-pane,  
The garden shivering in the twilight dark,  
Beyond, the bare trees of the empty park,  
And faint gray light upon the great cold bed,  
And I alone; and he I turn'd from—dead.

Ay, "dwarf!" they called this man who sleeping lies;  
No lady shone upon him with her eyes,  
No tender maiden heard his true-love vow,  
And pressed her kisses on the great bold brow,  
What cared John Hamerton? With light, light laugh,  
He halted through the streets upon his staff;  
Halt, lame, not beauteous, yet with winning grace  
And sweetness in his pale and quiet face;  
Fire, hell's or heaven's, in his eyes of blue;  
Warm words of love upon his tongue thereto;  
Could win a woman's soul with what he said—  
And I am here; and here he lieth dead.

I would not blush if the bad world saw now  
How by his bed I stoop and kiss his brow!  
Ay, kiss it, kiss it, o'er and o'er again,  
With all the love that fills my heart and brain.

For where was man had stoop'd to me before,  
Though I was maiden still, and girl no more?  
Where was the spirit that had deign'd to prize  
The poor plain features and the envious eyes?  
What lips had whisper'd warmly in mine ears?  
When had I known the passion and the tears?  
Till he I look on sleeping came unto me,  
Found me among the shadows, stoop'd to woo me,  
Seized on the heart that flutter'd withering here,  
Strung it, and wrung it, with new joy and fear,  
Yea, brought the rapturous light, and brought the day,  
Waken'd the dead heart, withering away,  
Put thorns and roses on the unnumber'd head,  
That felt but roses till the roses fed!  
Who, who, but he crept unto seamless ground,  
Content to prize the faded face he found?  
John Hamerton, I pardon all—sleep sound, my love, sleep  
sound!

What fool that crawls shall prate of shame and sin?  
Did he not think me fair enough to win?  
Yea, stoop and smile upon my face as none,  
Living or dead, save he alone, had done?  
Bring the bright blush unto my cheek, when ne'er  
The full of life and love had mantled there?  
And I am all alone; and here lies he—  
The only man that ever smiled on me;  
Here in his lonely dwelling-house he lies,  
The light all faded from his winsome eyes;  
Alone, alone, alone, he slumbers here,  
With wife nor little child to shed a tear!  
Little, indeed, to him did nature give;  
Nor was he good and pure as some that live,  
But pinch'd in body, warp'd in limb,  
He hated the bad world that loved not him!

Barbara Gray!  
Pause, and remember how he turn'd away;  
Think of your wrongs, and of your sorrows. Nay!  
Woman, think rather of the shame and wrong  
Of pining lonely in the dark so long;  
Think of the comfort in the grief he brought,  
The revelation in the love he taught,  
Then, Barbara Gray!  
Blush nor heed what the cold world will say;  
But kiss him, kiss him, o'er and o'er again,  
In passion and in pain,  
With all the love that fills your heart and brain!  
Yea, kiss him, bless him, pray beside his bed,  
For you have lived, and here your love lies dead.

MR. BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, in his "Mémorial of Charles Lamb," which Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, will soon publish, speaks highly of "Elia's" tenderness of heart:

"Lamb's charity," he says, "extended to all things. I never heard him speak spitefully of any author. He thought that every one should have a clear stage unobstructed. His heart, young at all times, never grew hard or callous during life. There was always in it a tender spot, which time was unable to touch. He gave away greatly, when the amount of his means are taken into consideration; he gave away money—even annuities, I believe, to old impoverished friends whose wants were known to him. I remember that once, when we were sauntering together on Pentonville Hill, he noticed great depression in me, which he attributed to want of money, and he said, suddenly, in his stammering way, 'My dear boy, I—I have a quantity of useless things. I have now—in my desk, a—a hundred pounds—that I don't—don't know what to do with. Take it!' I was much touched;

but I assured him that my depression did not arise from want of money."

THE Hebrew collection of the Bibliothèque Impériale has lately been enriched by the Empress Eugénie in the shape of a quarto Bible, in two volumes, which is written on parchment, and is said to be a master-piece of calligraphy and ornamentation. It dates from the thirteenth century, having been produced in Europe, whence it wandered to Arabia, where it was recently discovered by one who knew its value, and purchased for the Empress, who can buy books, if she cannot write them, like her liege lord. One of the most remarkable features of this unique copy of the Scriptures is comprised in twelve leaves ornamented with elegant arabesques and borders, which at the first sight only look like so many designs, but, when examined through a microscope, are found to contain all of the Psalms of David, executed, of course, in the most minute penmanship. This treasure is on exhibition in a glass case in the Galerie Magazine of the Imperial Library, in the Rue Richelieu.

## PERSONAL.

MR. RICHARD HOBSON has lately published a volume of reminiscences entitled "Charles Waterton; his Home, Habits, and Handiwork."

MISS BRADDON has revised and rewritten her first novel, "The Trail of the Serpent," which is just published in a cheap form.

MR. W. E. STRICKLAND has recently written a work on British bees.

MR. W. W. STORY, the American sculptor, is the author of a new work entitled "The Proportions of the Human Figure, according to a new canon, for practical use." It is illustrated.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL has lately issued a new and enlarged edition of his "Familiar Words, or Hand-book of Quotations."

MISS BLANCHE MARRYAT has a paper in the August number of "Bentley's Miscellany" entitled "Briars and Thorns."

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE is named as a successor of the late Mr. James Carpenter in the Keepership of Prints at the British Museum.

MR. THOMAS WOOLNER, poet and sculptor, has lately finished a seated statue of Macaulay, a cast from which has been placed in the west court of the South Kensington Museum.

DR. MAX SCHLESINGER has contributed a couple of papers on Count Bismark to the "Fortnightly Review."

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have in the press "Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished or uncollected," by Washington Irving—edited and arranged by Pierre M. Irving: 2 vols., portrait by Wilkie; and "Venetian Life," by W. D. Howells.

MESSRS. HILTON & Co. will at once publish "The Second Mrs. Tillotson," by Percy Fitzgerald.

MR. C. B. RICHARDSON has nearly ready "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," by Col. Henry Lee—a new edition by his son, Gen. R. E. Lee; and "War Poetry of the South," edited by William Gilmore Simms.

MESSRS. BAILLIÈRE BROTHERS have in preparation, "On Railway and Other Injuries to the Nervous System," by John Eric Erichsen, F.R.C.S.; and "Treatment and Uses of Peat and Peaty Material," by I. Burrows Hyde, C.E.

MESSRS. ORANGE JUDD & Co. have in preparation "American Pomology. Part I., Apples," by Dr. John A. Warder; "Barry's Fruit Garden," revised edition, by P. Barry; "Small Fruit Culturist," by Andrew S. Fuller; and "Practical and Scientific Gardening," by William N. White, of Athens, Ga., editor of the "Southern Cultivator," etc.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS will soon publish "The Genius of Solitude," by William Rounseville Alger; "Madame Récamier; her Life and Correspondence," by Miss L. Luytster; a novel by Jean Ingelow; Jean Ingelow's "Poems" in blue and gold, and a complete edition of the same with one hundred illustrations.

MR. GEORGE W. CARLETON is about to publish a new novel by Miss Evans, of Mobile, entitled "St. Elmo." He has also in the press a novel by Mrs. Winfield, of Kentucky, the author of "The Household of Bouverie."

THE Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., has in preparation "The History, Geography, and Antiquities of Media and

Persia," being the fourth and last volume of his "Ancient Eastern Monarchies."

THE Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A., will shortly publish "Blind People, their Works and Ways."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I think that the term "copperhead" was used to some extent shortly before the civil war. I saw the following account of its origin in a newspaper at that time: An editor in a city where a convention of the opposite party was in session, ridiculed the "conservatism" of its members by saying that each of them had come up to it with his head plated with copper, to insure himself against the entrance of any new ideas. This piece of satire took well, and gave rise to the name. It was not until after this had become current that the copper badges, mentioned by "Fieldwood" in the last number of THE ROUND TABLE, were worn.

However the term may have originated, there can be no doubt that the meaning given it in Mr. Wheeler's definition is that which it has had in the minds of almost all. This is evident from the newspaper literature of the period, as well as from the fact of painted figures of snakes having frequently been carried in processions, as typical of political opponents. The reference to "striking without warning" is also familiar to every one. The word will have a historical interest, on account of the great effect with which it was used, and as showing the animus of the times; and it is well that the true idea connected with it should be preserved, as has been done by Mr. Wheeler in his dictionary. J. B. M.

STRATFORD, Conn., July 27, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The book called "Giphantie" (alluded to by your correspondent "Hans Sachs") is, from all I can learn, an anonymous work. I have seen but one copy of it, and have reason to believe it to be a "liber rarissimus." If I can obtain any information concerning it I will communicate it to Mr. Hans Sachs, in return for his kindness in answering so fully a question of mine concerning Poe's works.

Now, can any of your correspondents tell me where I can find a song written by Fitz James O'Brien, called "At Pfaff's"? I am making a collection of O'Brien's writings, and should like very much to procure it. By the way, will not somebody collect O'Brien's writings and publish them in book form? It is a pity that they should be lost merely because they are scattered through the pages of old magazines. Nearly everything he wrote is well worthy of being preserved, and some of his Tales of Ratiocination were considered by Hawthorne to be the finest of their kind ever written. Yours truly,

C. A. C.

FORT WASHINGTON, July 28, 1866.

HERE is the poem on a briarwood pipe for which our correspondent, "A. C. H.," inquired two or three weeks since. It was written by Mr. John H. Doyle, of Toledo, and published in that city in October, 1863:

### THE SMOKER'S REVERIE.

(OCTOBER.)

I'm sitting at dusk 'neath the old beechen tree,  
With its leaves by the autumn made ripe;  
While they cling to the stems like old age unto life,  
I dream of the days when I'll rest from this strife,  
And in peace smoke my briarwood pipe.

O my briarwood pipe!—of bright fancy the twin,  
What a medley of forms you create;  
Every puff of white smoke seems a vision as fair  
As the poet's bright dream, and like dreams fades in air,  
While the dreamer dreams on of his fate.

The fleecy white clouds that now float to the sky,  
Form the visions I love most to see;  
Fairly shapes that I saw in my boyhood's first dreams  
Seem to beckon me on, while beyond them there gleams  
A bright future, in waiting for me.

O my briarwood pipe! I ne'er loved thee as now,  
As that fair form and face steal above;  
See, she beckons me on to where roses are spread,  
And she points to my fancy the bright land ahead,  
Where the winds whisper nothing but love.

Oh! answer, my pipe, shall my dream be as fair  
When it changes to dreams of the past?  
When Autumn's chill winds make this leaf look as sere  
As the leaves on the beech tree that shelters me here,  
Will the tree's heart be chilled by the blast?

While musing, around me has gathered a heap  
Of the leaflets, all dying and dead;  
And I see in my reverie plainly revealed  
The slope of life's hill, in my boyhood concealed  
By the forms that fair fancy had bred.

While I sit on the banks of the beautiful stream,  
Picking roses that bloom by its side,  
I know that the shallow will certainly come,  
When the roses are withered, to carry me home,  
And that life will go out with the tide.

O my briarwood pipe! may the heart be as light  
When memory supplants the dream;  
When the sun has gone down, may the sunbeam remain,  
And life's roses, though dead, all their fragrance retain,  
Till they catch at Eternity's gleam.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Is it not strange that we have not a "New York Guide-Book" worthy of the name; and would not one on the plan of Peter Cunningham's con-



denser "London" (published by Murray) be sure to pay?

Are you not of opinion that an "Every Day Book" (on the plan of Chambers, but from an American point of view) would prove remunerative? To appear in twelve monthly parts, commencing on the 1st of January.

Notwithstanding the redundancy of Shakespearian literature, do you not think that there is great room for a "Shakespearian Cyclopaedia" on the plan of Smith's or Kitto's Bible Dictionaries, to be archaeological and descriptive of all material subjects referred to by the great bard?

Please give a corner to this, and oblige

AN IGNORANT IRISHMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Inclosed I send you the imitation of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which your correspondent, "M. T. J.," of Richmond, inquired after in your paper of this week. You will perceive from the appended note that the author is unknown. The slip was cut from a Hartford paper some time during 1849 or 1850.

J. S. SMITH.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 23, 1866.

#### AN IMITATION OF BRYANT.

The following poem purports to be written by Wm. C. Bryant, but he denies its authorship.

##### A VISION OF IMMORTALITY.

I who essayed to sing, in earlier days,  
The "Thanatopsis" and the "Hymn to Death,"  
Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.  
Yet once again, O man, come forth and view  
The haunts of nature; walk the waving fields,  
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again  
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,  
And she shall teach thee. Thou hast learned before  
One lesson—and her Hymn of Death hath fallen  
With melancholy sweetness on thine ear;  
Yet she shall tell thee with a myriad tongue  
That life is there—life in uncounted forms—  
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,  
In every branch that swings, in the green leaves  
And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers  
That gladden the beholder. Listen now,  
And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept  
But to awaken in more glorious forms—  
And that the mystery of the seed's decay  
Is but the promise of the coming life.  
Each towering oak that lifts its living head  
To the broad sunlight in eternal strength  
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.  
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave  
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope;  
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,  
Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay!  
Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise  
The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.  
The insect brood are there!—each painted wing  
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now  
From the close cocoon of a worm's own shroud,  
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring  
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.  
Where the crushed mold beneath the sunken foot  
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay,  
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find  
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.  
The breath of evening and the sultry morn  
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses  
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death  
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life.  
Raise then the Hymn to Immortality!  
The broad green prairies and the wilderness,  
And the old cities where the dead have slept,  
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,  
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms  
Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.  
Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves,  
Resting together in one fond embrace,  
The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe  
Grown old together in the flight of years,  
They of immortal fame and they whose praise  
Was never sounded in the ears of men—  
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd—  
All the vast concourse in the halls of death  
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years  
To hail the dawn of the immortal day.  
Ay, learn the lesson. Though the worm shall be  
Thy brother in the mystery of death,  
And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay  
Together, to earth's mighty channel-house,  
Yet the immortal is thy heritage!  
The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt come,  
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,  
In rage or purple, but arrayed as those  
Whose mortal puts on immortality!  
Then mourn not when thou markest the decay  
Of nature, and her solemn hymn of death  
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.  
That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,  
Breaks from the mold with every bursting flower,  
"O grave, thy victory!" And thou, O man,  
Burdened with sorrow at the woes that crowd  
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head  
In the strong hope of the undying life,  
And shout the Hymn to Immortality.  
The dear departed that have passed away  
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,  
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,  
Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave  
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise—  
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,  
At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale  
To reach the sunlight of the immortal hills.  
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,  
Thine uncrowned head now lowlier than theirs,

Seek thou the loftier glory to be known  
A king and priest to God—when thou shalt pass  
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place  
With patriarchs and prophets and the blest  
Gone up from every land to people heaven.  
So live, that when the mighty caravan,  
Which halts one night-time in the vale of death,  
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,  
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,  
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed,  
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Seeing an advertisement of an illustrated edition of the "Original Poems for Infant Minds," published by Virtue, of London, recently, I sent to an importing bookseller for a couple of copies for young friends of mine.

In due time the copies arrived (price \$2 75 each, by the way) in all the glitter of embossed muslin and gold; but judge of my surprise and horror at finding that this vaunted publication is an *expurgata* edition of this beautiful and simple little work, which in the original has delighted and improved thousands and thousands of the bright boys and girls whose privilege it has been to have had an opportunity of reading it.

The "improver" of the diction of these pretty little copies of verses seems to have considered any word or line that he could find which contained some original force of expression to be dangerous and demoralizing if placed in the hands of our ingenuous youth. So wherever he could find such word or line he emasculated the piece by withdrawing it and substituting some milk-and-water expression of his own. There seems to be a disposition on the part of the English to reduce all their fine old literature to the namby-pamby level of to-day.

Palgrave, in a "Book of Gems," recently published, altered the beautiful lines in the "As it Fell upon a Day," written by one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, from

"She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up till a thorn,"

to

"Leaned her breast against a thorn,"

thus introducing two hissing Anglicisms together and utterly annihilating the poetry, whilst blotting out a pretty, graceful provincialism that gave the lines their quintessence sweetness, and must have been in the original. In the same collection this same Palgrave, taking upon himself the ermine of the hypercritic, actually leaves out of Hood's touchingly pathetic "Dying Girl" the verse—

"Our very fears belled our hopes,  
Our hopes our fears belied,  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died,"

alleging as a reason, "that the verse, although ingenious, was not poetical, exhibiting a play upon inversions only," or some such nonsense as that.

Lately, too, some highly moral English editor of Goldsmith—fearing for the demoralization of the young—alters, in the "Deserted Village,"

"the shade  
For talking age and whispering lovers made,"

to

"the shade  
For talking age and youthful converse made."

The cases in the "Original Poems" are "too numerous to mention," as the advertisements have it. Look, however, at "The Plum Cake" for one piece, and "Meddlesome Matty" for another; both these are destroyed almost by these "improvements" of the text.

I consider such proceedings a sort of counterfeiting and getting money under false pretenses, and I caution your readers not to buy "Virtue's Illustrated Original Poems," "Palgrave's Gems," or any new English edition of poems of a few years back, without comparing them first to see that *expurgation*—called very properly by college wits emasculation—has not been practiced.

There is nothing so unjust to our departed authors, nothing so contemptible.

Suppose we should go at "Shakespeare" or the Bible in the same way. There is plenty of room for such "improvements" in both. Suppose we should "try" that system "on" with any of our older writers—in what a mawkish sea of stupidity would we find ourselves launched. I am, yours truly,

BIBLIOPOL.

HARRISBURG, Pa., August 6, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you give me the authorship of the following lines:

"We knew it would rain, for all day long  
A spirit with slender ropes of mist  
Was lowering his golden buckets down  
Into the purple and amethyst!"

READER.

NEWBURGH, August 1, 1866.

The lines in question were written by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you tell me who wrote a little poem called "A Woman's Question"? It commences thus:

"Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine—  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine," etc.

By answering this, or by one of your many "Query" friends so doing, you will greatly oblige

R. T. C.

New York, July 31, 1866.

To the best of our recollection, the author of "A Woman's Question" was Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, a deceased daughter of "Barry Cornwall." We believe it

is the opening poem of her first volume of "Lyrics and Legends."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you or any of your readers give me any information concerning a poem called "Avenia"? W. R. W.

New York, August 1, 1866.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6, 1866.

GREAT preparations are being made in Philadelphia for the great political convention which will commence its session on the 14th inst.—that is, to-morrow week. The advent of politicians is already great, but such a host of them is expected on this occasion that the hotels cannot possibly accommodate more than a moiety of the whole number, and private hospitality, which is a household virtue largely in the ascendant here, will be extensively drawn upon. A mighty wooden wigwam is being erected in Broad Street (our Fifth Avenue), and you would scarcely give credence to the estimate of the numbers it is to hold and the thousands upon thousands of the almighty dollar which it will cost.

The theaters are in due course of preparation, and, to secure larger profits than they realized last season, have added largely to what is called "the strength of the company" in every instance. For some years Arch Street theater, liberally and spiritedly managed by Mrs. John Drew, herself an able and experienced actress, has held the same rank in Philadelphia that Wallack's does in New York, and this has arisen from the general merit of the stock company. Unfortunately every Philadelphia theater more or less relies upon "stars"—some of which have twinkled feebly and fitfully enough. In the ensuing season the other theaters will have better companies than any they have had for some years, and the list of "star" engagements just published holds out very good promise. There are few theaters in this city considering its population, estimated at over 800,000. At present these theaters are Arch Street, Chestnut Street, Walnut Street, and the Continental. There was a German theater in Callowhill Street, well patronized by the Teutonic residents, which is now closed, being condemned as insecure on account of its dilapidated condition. It once was a church, and has undergone sundry other vicissitudes. It is about being torn down, and a handsome theater is to be erected as early as possible upon its site. There is a fortune to be readily made out of that theater, in the north of the city, under the application of capital and good management. But even with this, there will be only five theaters for 800,000 people. In Paris there would be twice as many.

At the Academy of Music, which is now refitting at a cost of \$18,000, we are promised in the fall a few of Madame Ristori's classical performances and a short spell of Italian opera. The greatest profits at this establishment are made, however, by the balls given therein during the winter and spring. The future price, it is said, will be \$1,000 a night, all of which is clear gain, except what is paid for gas.

Not very much is doing in the publishing department. Mrs. Henry Wood's new novel, published a fortnight ago, has actually run into a fourth *bond fide* edition. Mrs. Wood appears to be a managing woman. "Elster's Folly" is original throughout; but now and then this lady craftily takes one of the novelettes which she wrote before the great success of "East Lynne" made her literary reputation, and weaves it bodily into some new novel. This she did largely in "St. Martin's Eve," where the story of Adelaine Castella, ending with the account of the "Reception of the Dead," in a French town (a corpse dressed up as if for a ball, and placed standing up against a wall to receive the friends of the family), was taken out of a magazine in which it had appeared separately years ago. "Lady Adelaide's Oath," a serial novel now running through "Temple Bar," and given there as a new story, was published in this city by Peterson & Brothers, some years ago, under another title. They paid her handsomely for it, allowing her the privilege of republishing it in England. The work, as published in Philadelphia long ago, was entitled "The Castle's Heir." Two or three of Mrs. Wood's novels were first published in this city.

Apropos of lady novel-writers, I happen to know that Miss Braddon's new story will be called "Belgravia"—a title which is suggestive of fashionable life in the west end of London. Miss Braddon herself lives in Mecklenburg Square—the very name of which tells one that it was built somewhat over a century ago, immediately after George the Third married that dowdy little woman, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who was



equally fond of snuff and scandal, dirt and diamonds, and was grandmother of Queen Victoria. The old-fashioned square in question is quite out of the world, situated between the Foundling Hospital and Gray's Inn Road—a dimly respectable place still, with its great massive houses, wherein resided, a hundred years ago, and long after, great magnates of the law—learned judges, grave sergeants, full-bottom-wigged king's counsel, crafty conveyancers, eminent special pleaders—a class which effected its exodus long ago towards the west of the modern Babylon. It is not very far from Doughty Street, in which Sydney Smith and Charles Dickens respectively resided after each had made his first hit in authorship. Miss Braddon's own father was a lawyer (she was born in Soho Square, London, in 1837), and *might* have had his abode at one time in the square called after "Snuffy Charlotte" (as the Cockneys irreverently called the wife of Farmer George), or he might *not*. But there is scarcely any locality in old London so well suited for an author. Silence broods over it, except when the soot-tinged sparrows twitter on its aged trees; the sound of carriage-wheels rarely invades its hereditary quiet, and it is doubtful whether Italian organ-boys have yet discovered that there is such a place. If they did, there is a stern law, passed by Parliament, compelling them to "move on," at the verbal demand of any inhabitant, on pain of imprisonment and hard labor in Bridewell, which prison, by the way, was once a royal palace, but was presented to the city of London by Edward VI. as a work-house and house of correction. It cannot be any necessity for economy which induces Miss Braddon to live in an out-of-the-way place, for her numerous novels have been extremely well paid for by the public, and the copyright is her own. Just now she is publishing a popular edition of her stories (the three volumes in one), and this has already obtained a sale of 15,000 copies. There will be at least a dozen novels in this series, so some idea may be formed of the author's large profits from a literary after-crop. All this, however, is episodal, coming under the head of gossip. Well, there are less amusing turns of conversation, on or off paper, than gossip about eminent persons.

The only book announcements this week are by James S. Claxton, successor to the publishing and bookselling establishment in Chestnut Street formerly belonging to Thomas Martien. He announces a round dozen of children's books, the production of which is his specialty, and also a new edition of "Scott's Commentary on the Bible," in five volumes quarto. Though "Scott's Commentary" has been nearly eighty years before the public, it still maintains its rank as a standard work. The Rev. Thomas Scott, D.D., English by birth and education, commenced life as apprentice to a medical man in a small village in his native Lincolnshire, conducted himself so badly, that he was sent home in disgrace, was then employed on his father's farm as a ploughboy and shepherd, employed his leisure in studying for the church, was duly ordained in 1772 and became a curate in Buckinghamshire, taught himself to read the Bible in its original languages, and all this time was almost a Socinian and Pelagian and wholly an Arminian, was converted by a sermon from the Rev. John Newton of Olney (the well-known friend of William Cowper, the poet), and gradually became a God-fearing Christian. He succeeded Mr. Newton as curate of Olney, but obtained a good rectory in 1803, dying in 1821, aged seventy-four. He was forty-one years old when he began the publication of his "Commentary on the Bible," which originally appeared in numbers, and began on 2d January, 1788, and ended on 2d June, 1792. The merit of that work is that its author borrowed very little from other writers, but made laborious researches for himself. Therefore it is not a compilation, as some other works with a similar object have been. Mr. Claxton, compelled to give up his store in Chestnut Street, opposite the new office of the *Evening Bulletin* (it forms part of the houses which are now being converted into the office of the *Public Ledger*), is now building a very handsome bookstore, also in Chestnut Street, some blocks to the west of the Continental Hotel. There has been, within the last twelve months, a decided tendency on the part of Look and newspaper publishers to move into Chestnut Street, and towards Broad Street.

John Campbell, the well-known vendor of old books (though his present stock consists largely of the best modern publications), being compelled to quit the convenient and spacious premises constituting the basement of the Philadelphia Bank, in Chestnut Street, opposite the Custom House, formerly the United States Bank under the régime of Nicholas Biddle, also migrates to the west. He has purchased two large houses in Sansom Street, at the south-east corner of Eighth, the lower stories of which he will convert into a spacious book store, with capacious collars for storing stock, the upper stories to be pre-

pared as lawyers' offices (the locality is within two blocks of the courts of law, and city, state, and U. S. offices), reserving rooms on the top for artists' studios. When completed this will be one of the most extensive stores in this country for the sale of second-hand books. Only a few months ago Mr. Henry C. Lea, the medical publisher, erected a very neat and convenient publication and sale-store at the other end of this very Sansom Street in which Mr. Campbell is now going to settle.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have just published "Papers from Overlook House," one volume 12mo, author's name not given—a readable collection of prose essays, introduced into a slight story, and a few poetic pieces of various merit. This is, at least, a very unassuming book, written with as little pretense of authorship as any that I know. The same house have issued a volume of 389 pages, entitled "Customs of Service for Officers of the Army, as derived from Laws and Regulations, and Practiced in the United States Army." It is described as a hand-book of military administration for officers of the line, showing the specific duties of each grade, from the lowest to the highest, enabling officers promoted to a new grade to know what they have to do, and how to do it. The book, which might fit in one's vest-pocket, being only 5 inches long by 3½ wide, does actually realize the large promise of its title-page. It is a most complete *vade-mecum* for officers of every grade, pointing out their duties and telling how best they can be performed. Had this booklet been published before the civil war, our officers of volunteers would have been spared an immense amount of doubt, difficulty, labor, and trouble. It is indexed too. Particular care has been shown in describing how court-martials are conducted, and the idea left upon most men's minds (civilians, of course) must be that the accused has a very scanty chance of getting anything like justice. The judge-advocate is virtually, though not nominally, a sort of prosecuting attorney. He gets up the case, and is supposed to advise with the accused relative to his defense. He summons the witnesses and decides what witnesses to summon. He is the medium of communication between the court and the witnesses. He is the legal counselor of the court, and advises it on the law and practice. He insists upon every question being put in writing, and it is he who puts the question, whether asked by the court or the accused. Fancy a cross-examination in one of our regular law-courts, with every question written down, submitted to judge and jury before it can be asked, and objected to by the district attorney, who, the court being then cleared for the purpose of deliberation, remains with the judge and jury to advise them that his own objection is good. Finally, after the court-martial is over, fancy the judge-advocate drawing up a supplemental report, reviewing the whole case, and stating new circumstances which were never brought before the court, and transmitting this, with the verdict, to the authority which appointed the court-martial. Remember, too, that the pretense is that the judge-advocate's duty is to advise with the accused as to his defense—the same judge-advocate having the power of replying to that defense if he pleases. The whole system is abominable—a mockery of justice, to which I draw attention here, certain that THE ROUND TABLE finds its way into the hands of those who can inquire into and reform the system.

R. S. M.

#### BOSTON.

Boston, August 3, 1866.

CERTAIN investigations are chronic in the newspapers, and of such a character is the subject of intellectual activity in old age. When veterans like Palmerston rule a state, or scientists like Humboldt pursue their studies far beyond man's allotted range of years, such recollections are always recurring to the journalists. It was announced not long since that the venerable Mrs. Somerville was about to issue an important exposition of a scientific question at the age of eighty-seven; and Roberts Brothers, of this city, are making ready to issue in conjunction with the English publishers a new life of Charles Lamb, by Barry Cornwall. The younger generation of readers, who only know in "Elia" something of that relish which carries with it, imperceptibly almost, a quaintness that usually attaches to one more antique than he really is, may at the first thought stare at the life of Lamb being written at this day by one who knew him as a friend and is still among the living; but Barry Cornwall at seventy-six can naturally go back a full generation and find himself still in the prime of life.

Everybody feels that there is a natural antagonism between sedentary occupations and perfect health, and is apt to jump to conclusions adverse to the chances of the

intellectual man for long life. Dr. Forbes Winslow and some noted French physiologists have recently been discussing the point, and they find little if any diminution of the intellect power necessarily attending the decay of the vital energy. We have only to look to men as prominent as Earl Russell in England, and Thaddeus Stevens among us, to see how intellectual vigor can maintain its supremacy well on beyond the threescore and ten of the psalmist. This matter has been presented from Cicero down without dispelling the popular impression. The examples of Keats and Kirke White are always remembered to the prejudice of the numerous instances to the contrary. The example of the gifted Buckminster is dwelt upon, while the long list of New England clergy from a time when all the learning of the land was vested in the pulpit, and whose average age runs up to a surprisingly high figure, is overlooked, while not much under a half of all the graduates of Harvard who entered the ministry for near two centuries from its foundation attained the liminary age of man. The early clergy of Puritan Yankeeland were, it is true, men of muscle from sheer force of necessity. A right of mowing on the town's commons, of cutting fuel in the woodlands, of highway taxes to be worked out, carried with it labor to the muscle as the sermon and its collateral duties gave twelve hours of application to the brain, and thus preserved the equilibrium. A strict theology did not interfere with a cheerful or at least an equable temperament, the preservative of health. Theodore Parker used to picture William von Humboldt as one of the rare old men who knew how to keep old age fresh. Hard studies had not deadened his sensibilities. We can feel satisfied of this, and how the perennial action of the sensuous part of our nature can conduce to this result. Some of the greatest devotees of art, with the great example of Titian, are often cited in proof of the longevity of those in such communion with the works of nature. The poet Gray preserved among his papers, when he was intending to compass the field as a literary labor, a list of painters from Cimabue down for 400 years, and the average length of life in the cases where their ages are given is nearly sixty-two years. A more choice list of say two hundred and fifty of the best artists in the world's history will carry the average above sixty-four years. The list that Lanzi gives of near five hundred names, will carry the average still higher by a year or two. And if the average length of man's life has doubled within the last five centuries, as some of the French physiologists calculate, we may fairly count upon a considerably greater chance of longevity in intellectual pursuits now than in the time of Cimabue. One has only to look around the world and note the ages of many of the prominent men of mind now or lately in vigor among us. If Montaigne considered even forty years an exceptional age, and Cato, at forty-eight, felt that no one could reproach him for killing himself too soon, we can find, in our day, men like Brougham, Humboldt, Guizot, Berryer, Thiers, Villemain, Dana, Sprague, and Everett, and the average of fifty-eight years that falls to the lot of Harvard graduates. It is usually held that musicians and poets die young, while lawyers and philosophers do not; and in support of this position the English statisticians cite the last ten lord chancellors, who died at an average age of seventy-six, while of the ten most distinguished English poets, in the same interval, Wordsworth alone reached that age, and the average duration of life for them was only fifty-two years. Col. Higginson among ourselves has brought forward his figures to something of the same end. He selects thirty of the best known preachers of the last four centuries and finds their average life to be sixty-nine, and a list of the most prominent statesmen in the same time to give seventy years; while, on the other hand, he finds only fifty-six years to be put against the list of Johnson's poets.

There are two phases of intellectual life quite at variance with the popular notions. The pale and stooping figure of the scholar in reality gives place to the robust, hearty, genial athlete, winning races in the college regatta; enduring a campaign of war with more fortitude than the smith, and rising, with his dumb bells, to a strength that an old Viking would have quailed before; and oftener reaching the average which Blumenbach considers the limit of old age, about eighty, than all his compeers whose occupations are mechanical. The average age of adults in Massachusetts is about fifty years; put your boy at college and you secure a presumption in his favor of much nearer sixty. It is the same with the commonality's picture of childhood—blithe, happy, elastic in spirit—a condition that is not allowed it pre-eminently above age, both on account of its destitution of the intellectual element and its extremes of pleasure and disappointment. Sidney's picture of the shepherd's boy, piping as if he would never grow



old, is pastoral; but quite as truthful as pastorals usually are. When Dick Steele pictured a healthy old fellow that is not a fool as the happiest creature alive, he may be less a poet than the personifier of childhood's merry hour, but he is a somewhat better philosopher. Johnson, by mere force of his intellect, fighting morbidity at seventy, and valuing his talk for its meridian vigor still, was a happier animal even than the scrofulous urchin carried to London for the queen to touch. Emerson has been guilty of some crotchets; but his decree in favor of years over months is not of them; and Coleridge, Wordsworth, and many others attest to the same purpose. Shakespeare's testimony is as explicit, if we may trust his never making his old men any the less unhappy than his youths; and Franklin said at eighty-two that had he died at seventy it would have cut off twelve of the most active and cheery years of his life. Douglas Jerrold was right when he used to contend that a man was no older than he felt. Holmes at fifty seven is as lively among the "boys" as ever; and there is nothing in the sedate, sweet temper of Longfellow's muse to counterpart the Homeric head he has borne for some years past. Charles Sprague is still among us at seventy-five, carrying the mind back to the days of Dana, Channing, and the rest, and on the last anniversary of Independence the newspapers reprinted the ode he wrote for the jubilee of fifty years before.

# CARLISLE.

CARLISLE, July 21.

## A POETICAL RAMBLE ABOUT CUMBERLAND.

I LATELY gave you some account of my rambles about this ancient town. To-day I propose a ramble through its equally interesting literary reliques. And at the outset I must give you a reminder—very appropriate to THE ROUND TABLE—that it is here that King Arthur, according to the legends, lived. In "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine," a ballad more ancient than Chaucer, and which furnished that first poet of Britain with his "Wife of Bath's Tale" we read:

"King Arthur liues in merry Carleisle,  
And seemly is to see;  
And there with him queene Guenevre,  
That bride soe bright of blee."

The sixth stanza is:

"At Tearne-Wadling his castle stands,  
Near to that lake soe faire,  
And proudly rise the battlements,  
And streamers deck the air."

Tearne, in the dialect of Cumberland, signifies a small lake. Tearne-Wadling was a small lake on the road from Carlisle to Penrith, which has now been almost entirely drained away by the present Earl of Lonsdale. Near the same place is an old stone circle of great antiquity, which is called by the inhabitants King Arthur's Round Table.

Few who have read with pleasure Albert Græme's song in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" have ever seen the old Border ballad, of which the refrain is in part an adaptation. That old ballad, "The Sun shines fair on Carlisle Wall," is here sung to a fine tune, and is certainly very remarkable. I have not been able to find any version in which the hiatus occupied by asterisks is supplied; but you may depend upon the following as the most original version, probably of the song itself. The "lyon" refers to the old Scottish coat of arms.

"She lean'd her head against a thorn,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
And there she has her young babe born,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"Smile no sae sweet, my bonnie babe,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
An' ye smile sae sweet ye'll smile me dead,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"As she was going to the church,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
She saw a sweet babe in the porch,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"O bonnie babe, an' ye were mine,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
I'd clead you in silk and sabelline,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"O mother mine, when I was thine,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
To me ye were na half sae kind,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"But now I'm in the heavens hie,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
And ye have the pains o' hell to drye,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

It is a little curious that about thirty-five years ago some workmen, engaged in repairing Carlisle Castle, found

a hollow in one of its walls containing the skeletons of a mother (richly dressed) and her child.

A favorite Cumberland ballad is one called "Carlisle Yetts"—"yetts" meaning gates. It is founded on a story which has been told by Allan Cunningham. "An old lady of Dumfriesshire," he says, "often mentioned to me the horror which she felt when she saw several heads on the Scottish gates of Carlisle, one of which was that of a youth with very long yellow hair. The story of a lady, young and beautiful, who came from a distant part and gazed at this head every morning at sunrise and every evening at sunset, is also told by many. At last the head and the lady disappeared." The ballad is as follows:

"White was the rose in my love's hat,  
As he rowed me in his lowland plaidie;  
His heart was true as death in love,  
His hand was aye in battle ready.  
His long, long hair, in yellow hanks,  
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy;  
But now it waves o'er Carlisle yetts,  
In dripping ringlets, soll'd and bloody."

"When I came first through fair Carlisle,  
Ne'er was a town sae gladsome seeming;  
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,  
The thistled pennons wide were streaming.  
When I came next through fair Carlisle,  
O sad, sad seemed the town and eerie!  
The old men sobbed, the gray dames wept,  
'O lady! come ye to seek your dearie?'"

"I tarried on a heathery hill,  
My tresses to my cheeks were frozen;  
And far adown the midnight wind  
I heard the din of battle closing.  
The gray day dawned—among the snow  
Lay many a young and gallant fellow;  
And oh! the sun shone bright in vain  
On twa blue een 'tween locks of yellow!"

"A tress of soiled and yellow hair,  
Close in my bosom I am keeping—  
Since earthly joys are torn from me,  
Come, welcome wae and want and weeping!  
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,  
Wae wae upon that hand sae bloody,  
That lordless leaves my true love's hall,  
And makes me wail a virgin widow!"

There is, in my opinion, no other one county in the world which has given more good old ballad and lyric poetry to the world than this from which I now write; and when my reader remembers that Wordsworth himself was born and sometimes wrote here, he will not at once accuse me of exaggeration. (One of Wordsworth's sons, by the by, now resides at Carlisle, though he is known only as a good business man, being stamp-agent for the district.) The Cumberland ballads are, however, generally left out of the most popular collections on account of their being written in the hard Cumbrian dialect. Now that Tennyson has written in this dialect the "Northern Farmer," it may be that more attention will be paid to them. There is, however, a volume in which many of them are collected, edited by Sidney Gilpin, which has only this year been published. This dialect is not at all dead, as one may find at the "Carel" (Carlisle) market any day. The following local humorous song is, I think, a far more exact representation of the dialect than Tennyson's:

"Git oot w'd the', J'whonny, thou 's no' but a fash (1);  
Thou 'll come till thou raises a desperate clash (2);  
Thou 's here every day juss to put yan (3) about,  
An' thou moiders (4) yan terribly—J'whonny, git oot!"

"What says t'e? I 's bonnie? Whey! That's nowte 'at's new;  
Thou 's wantin' a sweetheart? Thou 's had a gay few!  
An' thou 's cheatit them, yan efter t' t'nder, nea doubt;  
But I 's nüt to be cheatit sēa—J'whonny git oot!"

"There 's plenty o' lads i' beath Lamplang an' Dean;  
As yabble (5) as thee, an' as weel to be seen;  
An' I med tak my pick amang o' there about—  
Does t'e think I 'd have thee, then? Hut (6), J'whonny, git oot!"

"What? Nüt yan amang them 'at likes mé sae weel?  
Whey, min—there 's Dick Walker an' Jonathan Peel  
'At ola 's (7) foursett (8) mé i' t' lonnings about,  
An' beath want to sweetheart mé—J'whonny, git oot!"

"What? Thou will hev a kiss?—Ah, but tak't if thou dār!  
I tell the', I'll squeel, if thou tries to cū nār (9).  
Take care o' my collar—thou byspel, (10) I'll shōot.  
Nay, thou sha'n't hev anudder—noo, J'whonny, git oot!"

"Git oot w'd the', J'whonny—thou's tewt me reet sair;  
Thou's broken my comb, an' thou's toozelt my hair.  
I willn't be kisst, thou unmannerly loot!  
Was t'ere iver sec impidence? J'whonny, git oot!"

"Git oot w'd the', J'whonny—I tell the' be deān!  
Does t'e think I'll tak' up w'd Ann Dixon's oaid sheūn!  
Thou ma' gā' till (11) Ann Dixon, an' pu' her about,  
But thou s'alln't pu' me, sēa—J'whonny, git oot!"

"Well! that's sent him off, an' I'm sorry it hes;  
He med ken 'at yan niver means hoof 'at yan says.  
He's a reet canny fellow, however I floot,  
An' its growin' o' wark to say, J'whonny, git oot!"

(1) Trouble. (2) Scandal. (3) One. (4) Confuses. (5) Able. (6) Pahaw! (7) Always. (8) Waylays. (9) Come near. (10) Full of mischief: byspel is one of the many Danish words one finds here. (11) To.

Possibly my reader might have paused, at some period of his life, and felt a touch of interest in a little incident related by Wordsworth in these words: "Shirley's death reminded me of a sad close of the life of a literary person, Sanderson by name, in the neighboring county of Cumberland. He lived in a cottage by himself, which, from want of care on his part, took fire in the night. The neighbors were alarmed; they ran to the rescue; he escaped, dreadfully burned, from the flames, and lay down (he was in his 70th year) much exhausted under a tree, a few yards from the door. His friends, in the meantime, endeavored to save what they could of his property from the flames. He inquired most anxiously after a box in which his manuscripts had been deposited, with a view to the publication of a laboriously corrected edition; and upon being told that the box was consumed, he expired in a few minutes, saying, or rather sighing out the words, 'Then I do not wish to live.' Poor man! though the circulation of his works had not extended beyond a circle of fifty miles diameter perhaps at furthest, he was most anxious to survive in the memory of the few who were likely to hear of him." I could find but one piece of poetry written by this Thomas Sanderson, and that is "An Evening Lay to the Vale of Sebergham." It has all the mellow light of life's evening vale also, and I fancy must have been written shortly before his sad end in 1820, described so tenderly by Wordsworth. I quote the closing verses:

"If some old friend whom death hath spar'd,  
Still suns his gray locks in thy dell,  
A heart, with warmth all unimpaired,  
Will breathe his welcome to my cell:

"We there will talk of days gone by,  
That brightly flew in pleasure's train;  
The bosom shall suspend its sigh,  
And beat to joy and mirth again."

"And I will string again the lyre,  
And round me draw the village throng;  
Gay notes shall vibrate from each wire,  
Responsive to the shepherd's song."

"The bowl shall chase the chill of age,  
And round the heart its sunshine throw;  
No blot shall dim life's closing page,  
But o'er it sweetest flow'rets blow."

But perhaps none of the Cumberland bards are so fondly remembered by the common people here as John Stagg, or, as they call him, "Blin' Stagg, the fiddler." Stagg was born near Carlisle, in 1770. He was educated for the church; but having lost his sight by an accident in early life, he got his living by fiddling at "merrie-meets," village-wakes, dances, and so forth, and was in every respect about as different from a parson as he could well be. He also joined a strolling company of players, and was very celebrated for his ability at hitting off petty tyrants, or mean noblemen—forgive the paradox, there are such here—with inimitable sarcasm. He was once the guest of Dr. Paley, at Oxford, who much admired him. His poems have, however, chiefly a local interest, being generally celebrations of the fairs, weddings, haymakings, and so on, in the neighborhood. Stagg's muse inspires him only at a carousal. Nevertheless, in the midst of some of his most audacious descriptions of revels, where he was sure to be the fiddler, he sometimes breaks in with a little sermon—e. g.:

"What if the hand of fate unkind  
Has used us fremtly, need we payne?  
Tho' you 've lost your seet an' me meyne,  
We cannot mend it:  
Let us be glad the powers divine  
Nae waur's extendit."

"Let us—sen leyfe is but a span—  
Still be as canny as we can;  
Remembering hea'n has ordered man  
To practice patience,  
An' not to murmur neath his han'  
Leyke feckless gattions."

Like feeble simpletons, that is.

In closing my ramble, let me mention that Wordsworth and his family often visited Carlisle, and that the great poet read carefully all of the old Cumberland minstrelsy. There has long been here a tradition that Mrs. Wordsworth wrote many of her husband's most admired pieces for him! And an old lady's letter is quoted saying that "Mr. Wordsworth is dead, but his pūir wife will still carry on the business." They have doubtless mixed up his wife with Miss Dorothy Wordsworth, who wrote several good pieces, and who has been so pleasantly described by De Quincey. Another story I heard here which I had not heard before. There was a poor crazy woman living near the poet, who was asked if she knew Mr. Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "Oh, indeed," she said, "he is canny enough at times; and, tho' he gaes boozing his pottery through the woods, he will noo and then say, 'Hoo d'ye do, Nanny?' as sensible as ye or me."

M. D. C.



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